VOL. CCXI, No. 2752

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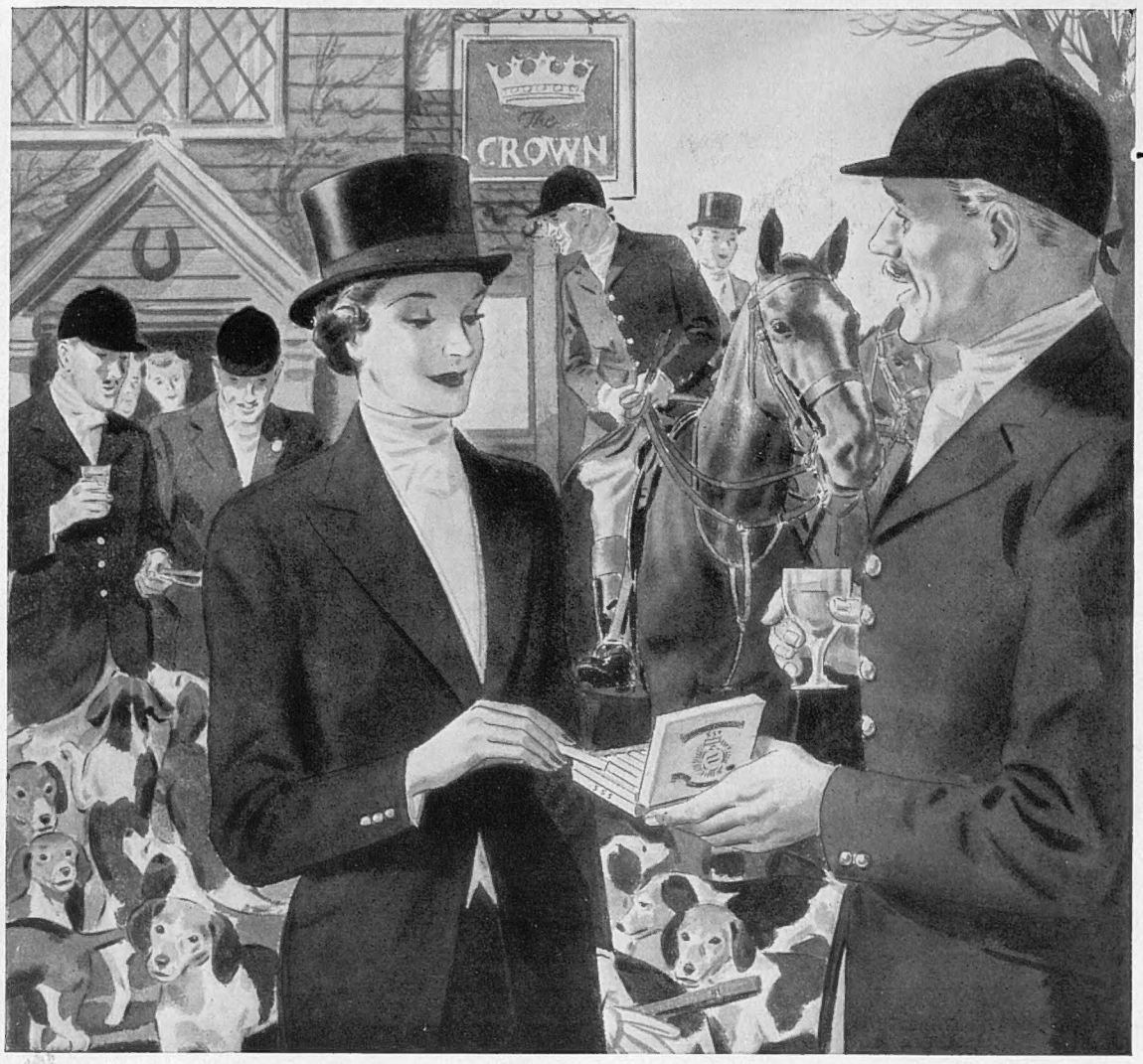

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Volume CCXI No. 2752 The SPHERE, London, November 8, 1952

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE QUEEN DRIVES TO THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT—HER MAJESTY, WHO WAS ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, ON HER WAY FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS, WHERE HER ARRIVAL COINCIDED WITH A SALUTE OF FORTY-ONE GUNS FIRED FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK: The Queen, who was driving in State to Westminster for the first time since her accession, used the Irish State coach. The Queen was preceded by a Sovereign's Escort.

Last Tuesday the Queen opened Parliament for the first time in her reign, and vast crowds lined the processional route from Buckingham Palace, along the Mall, through Whitehall to the entrance of the House of Lords to acclaim her as she drove to the opening with the Duke of Edinburgh. From the Royal entrance of the House of Lords the Queen, with the Duke walking beside her, was conducted by Pursuivants and Heralds to the Robing Room, and from thence into the Parliament Chamber. On arrival in the Chamber the Queen was conducted by the Duke of Edinburgh to the single throne on the dais, and he then took a seat beside her, a chair having been placed to the left of the throne. The Queen then opened the second session of the Parliament which was elected a year ago by reading her first Speech to the assembled Lords and Commons at eleven o'clock. This is the first time a Queen has opened Parliament in the present century. Queen Victoria, too, opened Parliament about six months before her Coronation, but she then did so in solitary State, as it was not until 1840 that she was married to Prince Albert. After that, when the Prince Consort accompanied Queen Victoria to State openings of Parliament, he always sat beside her on a chair to the left of the throne. Among the three major legislative measures outlined by the Queen in her Speech was the Government's much-discussed Transport Bill, which Parliament hopes to deal with at once. The others were the Steel Denationalisation Bill and the Town and Country Planning Amendment Bill.

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PENZANCE'S MEMORIAL TO NELSON

THE CORNISH TOWN'S BANNER COMMEMORATING TRAFALGAR IS CARRIED TO MADRON CHURCH FOR THE ANNUAL MEMORIAL SERVICE : The canvas banner was originally carried to Madron Church in 1805 for the first memorial service held in Great Britain following the news of Nelson's death. It was at Penzance that England first heard of the victory at Trafalgar and of Nelson's death, some fishermen having brought the news from the schooner *Pickle* bound for Falmouth. A memorial service was then held at Madron Church, the people of Penzance walking in solemn procession to the church to express their sorrow at Nelson's death. This year the procession was headed by the Mayor, Alderman F. G. Ford, and the service was attended by representatives from Naval establishments and from Trinity House.

CONSECRATING A NEW LONDON CONVENT CHAPEL

A ROMAN CATHOLIC CEREMONY AT THE CHAPEL OF THE CONVENT SCHOOL, BETHALL AVENUE, CANNING TOWN : The Roman Catholic Bishop of Brentwood, the Right Rev. George A. Beck, is seen performing the ceremony of Consecration in the porch of the new chapel during the procession round the building on the feast day of SS. Simon and Jude. The chapel is the latest addition to the convent school, the rebuilding of which took place six years ago following its destruction by bombing in 1940. In charge of the convent is Mother Therese of the Immaculate.

JUDGES AT THE FESTIVAL HALL OPERA BALL

THE ENGLISH OPERA GROUP ENTERTAIN AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL ON THE SOUTH BANK : The five judges who took part in the costume parade at the ball were (from right to left) Cecil Beaton, David Webster, Sir Malcolm Sargent, John Mills and Moira Shearer. More than 2,000 guests attended wearing costumes from opera. The winner in the men's section of the costume parade was the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, who went dressed as the crippled Porgy from Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess.*

"WITH BEST WISHES"

IT is by no means too early to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal gift.

Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of his or her friend at home in Britain. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall, or sent direct to The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s. Elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number).

In 1953—Coronation Year—all postal subscribers will receive the two Coronation Double Numbers at no extra cost.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Britain in American Eyes.—For the next few days Americans, whether they be world-citizens or back-yard boys, will be thinking of one thing only : Ike or Stevenson ? When the tumult and the shouting dies, and the White House has a new tenant, a great many of them will find space in their minds for other and wider and normal reflections. And it seems to me that recent important events, registered perhaps subconsciously in their minds, will have an effect on what has perhaps been a vague but majority opinion of Britain in U.S.A.—that old England is a pleasant holiday resort for those who prefer antiquities and pastoral scenery to good food and modern comfort, but a museum-piece in matters which concern the really important issues of the times, such as international security, industrial production and scientific development in transport and communications. The names of Montebello and Comet-jet air-liners can hardly fail to have made an impression which will demand a revision of the " poor, dear old Britain " notion. For here is the old lady, apparently capable still of springing surprises and entering fields reserved for American monopoly in creative and scientific designs, and producing results as important in one case and far more efficient in another than all the genius and wealth of the United States has hitherto achieved. Our latest air-liners are more than a superlative dollar winner—they are an admission and a proof of our world supremacy in a vital scientific development. We have beaten America at her own game and she has had to acknowledge it. These things may perhaps improve the team-spirit between the English-speaking nations, which is beautifully advocated after public dinners but forgotten next morning in the office.

A United Party ?—Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison won the day handsomely on October 23 when, by 188 votes to 51, the Parliamentary Labour Party called for the immediate abandonment of all unofficial groups, and of attacks on individuals in the party. " He whipped them all soundly and put them to bed," but not necessarily to sleep. Mr. Bevan's former supporters dwindled a little, and he had the support of a few who thought Mr. Attlee too severe or the motion likely to prove a mere " paper transaction." Perhaps the effect of the victory for Mr. Attlee can best be gauged by the number of abstentions. Fifty members abstained or stayed away, and few, no doubt, from illness. *The Times*, always ready with good advice, now reminds the purged Labour Party that it must regain its dignity, statesmanship, greatness, constructive planning, restraint and unity, because it will be called on, no doubt soon enough, to guide the destinies of the nation again. It may be so. If it be so, I certainly hope it will follow Jupiter's advice in every particular and prove as great and noble and selfless as the times require and *The Times* demands. But a party or a Government is made up of the persons who compose it, and their characters differ and clash. Mr. Attlee regained some of his lost authority and reputation for leadership; Mr. Bevan lost face and earned some jeers. It is not in Mr. Bevan's revealed character to accept snubs with humility, to learn to curb his tongue in a night or to accept a back seat, even for a matter of months, as a good follower of his leaders, when matters are being discussed and decisions taken on questions of burning and contentious interest to himself. Firework time is at hand and Mr. Bevan will not long be content to be a damp squib. The shattered vase has been regummed, but not riveted, and I fancy the scent of the breezes will hang o'er it still.

A ROYAL HOME SITUATED IN THE VALLEY OF THE CHEVREUSE

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR'S NEW HOME IN FRANCE—AN OLD MILL HOU IN THE VALLEY OF THE CHEVREUSE : This 200-year-old converted mill (right), known as Moulin Aubert, stands in the village of Gif-sur-Yvette, r r Paris, and there the Duke and Duchess intend to make a permane home. They have bought a number of acres of land adjacent to the h use and two near-by cottages for their servants. The house is long and low. It has several modern bathrooms, a very large reception room and an excellent library. Its large chimneys are a local landmark. Th village of Gif-sur-Yvette lies about half-way between Sceaux and Ra bouillet.

General Ramcke.—General Ramcke, a noted paratroop commander in Hitler's Army, was a subject for French clemency. They released him from prison last year. He had served some part of a sentence imposed on him after conviction for crimes against humanity. His subsequent public utterances suggest neither gratitude nor polished manners nor contrition. Rather they must make the Allies wonder whether any effort to encourage former Nazis to co-operate in building a new democratic Germany, to become an equal partner in Western civilisation and defence, is worth while. Certainly his speeches and their reception by his Nazi audiences seemed to justify the reawakening fears of the French nation concerning any plan of rearming the old enemy. To date, Ramcke's main planks of policy have been the rebuilding of a German national army with no participation in European defence as such ; a hate campaign against the Allies, as the " real war criminals " ; the release from prison of all war criminals without reservation ; and the national glorification of those units of Hitler's armies most notorious for barbarity unspeakable and most widely condemned and abhorred by decent Germans and men of all other nations. Ramcke, of course, may be to-day a mere wind-bag or beer-barrel, irresponsible and to sane men absurd. But there are still alive and active thousands of men who did the black deeds he now applauds, who will cheer themselves hoarse round a beer-barrel and find wisdom in a wind-bag. He has said enough and received applause enough to justify his rearrest and to modify Allied notions of clemency. Repentance should be made of milder stuff.

Corporal Punishment.—The question of the reintroduction of some form of corporal punishment for crimes of violence is certainly not one to be superficially considered or settled petulantly or in panic. No one advocates the reintroduction of the cat. The Criminal Justice Act was on the right lines ; cure is more important than retribution, but prevention is first and foremost. The Criminal Justice Act came into operation before its effective measures were ready for use, They are not ready now. Because they are not ready, judges and lay magistrates alike who observe the increase in work at Assizes and Quarter Sessions, are also conscious that their hands are tied, that too much deference is paid to the theories of psychiatrists and too little sympathy shown to victims. Moreover, more and more judges are thrown back on the only available deterrent left to them, the passing of long-term prison sentences on young persons —a policy which they detest in common with all reformers, and especially in the present state of overcrowding in prisons. Birching might well take its place in many cases of juvenile crime and far more effectively. Sitting at Quarter Sessions I am appalled at the increase in such crimes, at the ruthlessness, shamelessness, vanity and indifference of so many young criminals. For my part, I believe that never before was sympathy with erring youth so universal, the overmastering policy of redemption and cure so well understood, on the Bench and with the magistracy. Accordingly, I prefer to listen to the practical experience of the L.C.J., of Lord Tucker, of Lord Asquith, of Lord Oaksey, and what I believe to be the majority opinion of the lay magistracy, to the theories of Lords Templewood and Silkin, and the temporisation of the Lord Chancellor. As for the Magistrates' Association, the so-called voice of the lay magistracy, it is neither representative nor democratic nor accepted as such by a majority, and I see no reason why its latest token pronouncement should be regarded as an authority. Corporal punishment, if ever reimposed, should be meticulously conditioned by discretion allowed only to judges and perhaps Chairmen of Quarter Sessions. The Petty Sessional magistrates have the power to remit to Quarter Sessions to decide the proper sentence.

Sunday Newspapers.—The reading of Sunday newspapers has for fifty years or more been a chief recreation for a whole morning of a majority of the nation. The daily and evening papers during the week are skimmed in headlines or bought for racing results by the majority, but the sensational Sunday papers are read column by column. It is for that reason that they are " sensational." In my Edwardian youth, some of them were mere sewers, scrapings from the muck heap of the police courts

divorce court and assizes. So much so that the Law stepped in in a mild, paternal way. It might do so again, for some of them still do a fairish business in muck. Others claim to be leaders in political thought, fighters for democracy and Empire, interpreters of party political thought, chroniclers of Parliament and its protagonists. But they manage to remain sensational, they vie with each other in exposing for sale strong, or rancid, meat, and, human nature being what it is, our responsible Sunday papers seem sometimes a little lacking in interest. Serious-minded people and institutions keep files of one or two of our sober journals. The Sunday shockers are used to light the fire or litter the commons and streets. Yet it would pay the nation to file in public libraries *The Sunday Shocker et hoc* genus. An inquirer turning back the files would be surprised to find that the Editor's righteous indignation over last month's "scandals" had yielded to warm approval three weeks later, and that last week's crusade had been dropped like a hot potato. A little inconsistency must be allowed to an Editor compelled to find ten scandals and twenty sensations for a single issue. But he is so adroit that he gets away with it, and 4,000,000 readers share his indignation and believe his "facts." They "saw it in the paper"—and that for them is proven truth.

Export of Art Treasures.—For some years people who care for "things that matter" have been worried by the drainage overseas of our national treasures of art. Stafford Cripps finally saw the force of these anxieties and set up a Committee to advise on the best means to deal with the dangers. Lord Waverley was Chairman, and his report is now out. There are many recommendations. The State must keep control on exports, but it must be limited to antiques of merit, artistic and financial. One hundred years makes an antique; £1,000 is the criterion of "merit." But the owner of such a treasure, if he may not sell abroad profitably, must be given a chance to sell reasonably in England. The obvious home buyer is the museum, the picture-gallery, the local authority (for local-interest treasures). The national art galleries to-day are starved of the means to acquire suitable treasures, the museums can hardly pay for keepers and fuel. The State must subsidise these buyers. For the rest, the report suggests to pundits and leader-writers that those of us who are still lucky enough to own minor treasures must keep them and let the cash go, sacrifice perhaps comfort in the shape of a new oil-stove to patriotism in the shape of a Chelsea teapot or a rare enamel snuff-box. If we still possess by inheritance a Hoppner or a couple of Alan Ramsays of our ancestors, we must continue to hang them on our walls. But how, if the walls they fitted are pulled down, converted or sold? They do not adorn small brick villas or chromium-fitted flats. It seems to me that the State has a third duty to perform for Lord Waverley. It must somehow help to preserve the caskets which hold the minor treasures. The treasures go because the caskets are allowed to rot. If the State were to help to save the manor-houses, the treasures would be saved for England.

Blurb.—I used to think that our social fashions evolved over the centuries by action and reaction. The human race would adopt some fashion, carry it to extremes and then revolt against it *à outrance*. Women's dress fashions, for instance; Regency simplicity following outrageous eighteenth-century elaboration; followed in turn by early-Victorian fussiness; Edwardian superabundance leading to post-war nakedness; and so on. Or in the fashion of novel-writing, Fielding's gun-room flamboyance yielding to Jane Austen's drawing-room reticence; the romantic movement revolting back to realism; the comedy of manners to the kailyard, and so on again. And so with self-advertisement and personal publicity. Duchess Georgiana and Lady Caroline Lamb brought to our great-aunts an urge for nun-like privacy and reticence, which lasted into the new century, and only began to reveal another sharp reaction when needy peeresses sold their faces to cosmetic makers. But now I doubt this theory of action and reaction. I wonder if there be any limit or any end to self-advertisement and personal publicity. Can the publisher's blurb or the novelist-critic's back-scratching coin new superlatives to catch the ever more elusive dollar? And will the fashion never defeat its own ends, when every young or new author is acclaimed a Dickens? "Genius, yes, that's the only word for him," I read on my wrapper. But is it the only word or the last word, anyway in the case of a beginner who has put out a promising first child? Or consider the sheer cheek, the supreme vanity, of men and women of no particular importance who subsidise or write or encourage or abet biographies of themselves before their lives are half over or their achievements have impressed the public. "God, here's fame"—for those who can swallow it. And yet we don't *look* like a nation of geniuses and supermen; rather of shopkeepers. THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

CARDIFF

The Welsh Industrial Capital

By JACK JONES

WITH DRAWINGS BY CLAUDE MUNCASTER

A MAGNIFICENT TOPIARY GARDEN IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE

PORTRAITS IN PRIVET—A WHOLE MENAGERIE OF "ANIMALS" IN A GARDEN AT CHIPPING SODBURY: Mr. F. Gunning is seen tending some of his home-grown "birds" in the garden of his Gloucestershire home. The garden is full of these strange creatures—and there are tree-portraits of personalities, too—moulded out of privet bushes. The informal positioning of the figures adds to their attraction. Mr. Gunning has spent fourteen years training and trimming the bushes into these shapes. Topiary clipping needs an accurate eye and a very steady hand, for one false move of the shears will ruin the symmetry of a bush for a whole season or longer. Modern custom usually confines topiary work to single specimens, often grown in tubs, but whole topiary gardens are still maintained in some places.

RESEARCH INTO OIL POLLUTION IN COASTAL WATERS

THE 134-TON MOTOR-YACHT "GAY CAPRICE," WHICH HAS BEEN ENGAGED ON RESEARCH INTO OIL POLLUTION: Chartered in July by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, in co-operation with Shell and the Esso Transportation Company, the *Gay Caprice* has been following floating oil patches discharged 50 to 100 miles out to sea. Government observers, scientists and tanker masters on board had rough seas and difficult conditions to contend with as they followed the oil, studying its rate of flow, its resistance to the sea and its tendency to coagulate, disintegrate or sink.

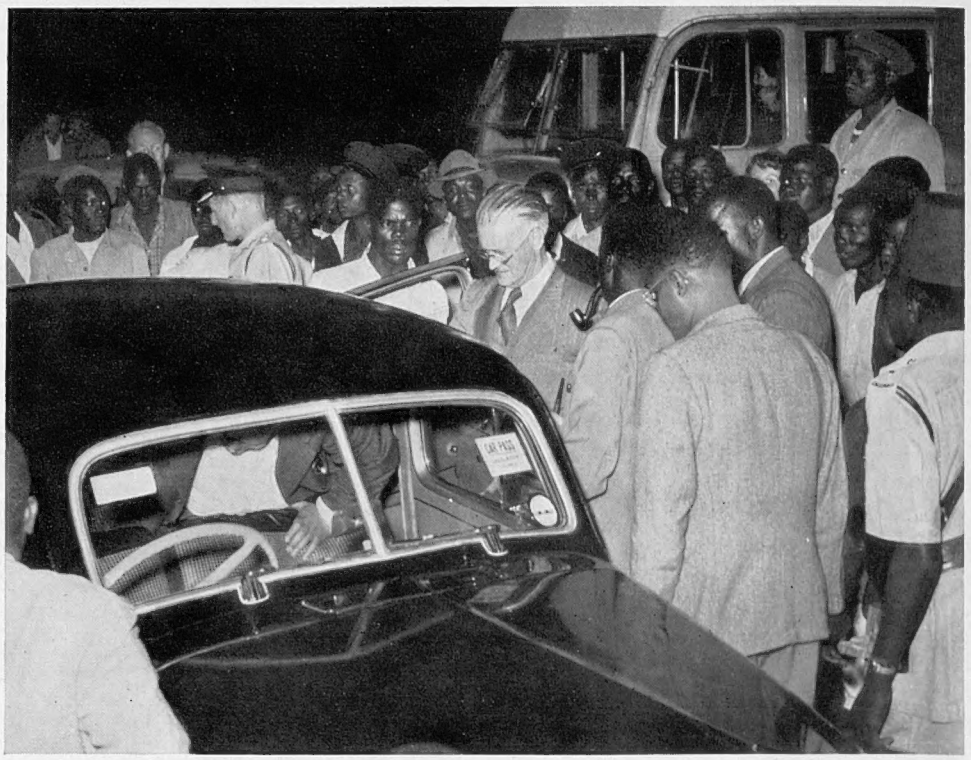
The scientific reports compiled by the experts studying oil pollution in the yacht *Gay Caprice* are now being studied, and will shortly be available to the Committee recently constituted by the Minister of Transport to consider what practical steps can be taken to prevent pollution by oil in the waters around the United Kingdom. For some time a good deal of publicity has been given to this problem in the Daily Press. The oiling of sea-birds, with the acute misery and subsequent death which follows, has been a matter of grave concern to ornithologists and other bird-lovers for many years, but until recently the general public had taken very little notice of the menace. When great sticky patches of crude oil began to spoil the pleasure beaches around our coasts, however, there was a general outcry and interested parties brought home forcibly to the public that the oil which spoiled their clothes and upset their sun-bathing plans meant death in a peculiarly terrible form to large numbers of sea-birds every year.

FACT-FINDERS AT WORK IN KENYA

MR. OLIVER LYTTELTON, MR. FENNER BROCKWAY, AND MR. LESLIE HALE VISIT THE DEEPLY DISTURBED EAST AFRICAN COLONY IN SEARCH OF INFORMATION

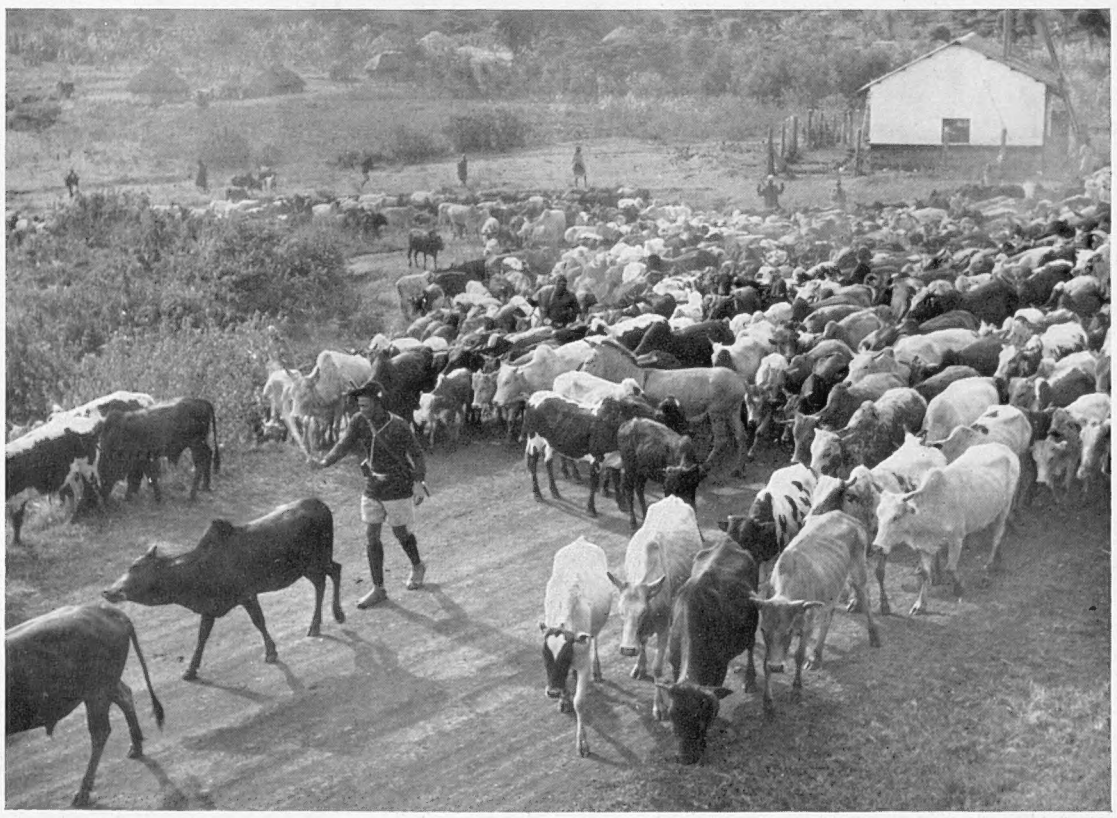
THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES ARRIVES AT NAIROBI: Mr. Oliver Lyttelton (right) being greeted by an airport official at the start of his fact-finding mission to Kenya. Beside Mr. Lyttelton stands Sir Evelyn Baring, the Governor of Kenya. At a Press Conference Mr. Lyttelton paid tribute to the Governor for his successful handling of the situation since the state of emergency was declared. Last week-end he toured the Kikuyu Reserve.

Both Mr. Lyttelton, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the Labour M.P.s who have been visiting Kenya, have gone about their fact-finding with determination, and they will be followed in due course by Sir Hugh Dow and his fellow-members of the Royal Commission which will probe even more deeply into conditions in the disturbed colony. Mr. Lyttelton arrived in Nairobi on October 29, and at once addressed himself to the consideration of three main tasks, the completion of police measures in the existing emergency, the planning of measures to restore normality, and the preparation of long-term measures for the future welfare of Kenya. After an initial stay in Nairobi the Minister journeyed into the heart of the Kikuyu country. In what he described as an interim statement to the Press, he stressed the anti-European and anti-Christian attitude of the Mau Mau. He said it was quite wrong to associate the movement with economic causes.

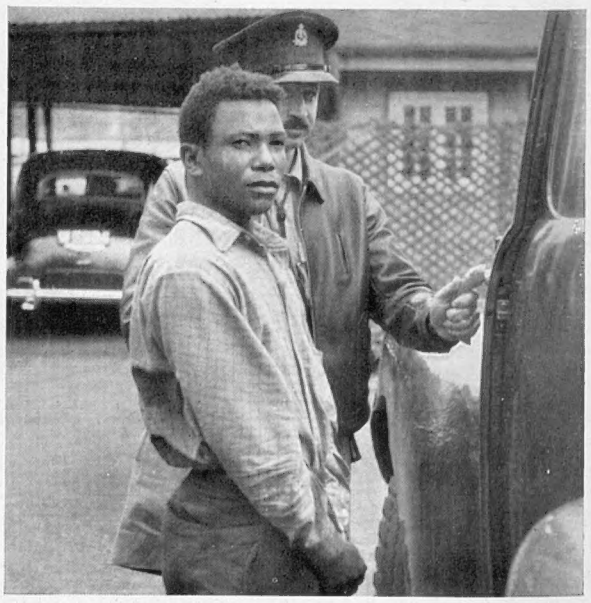


MR. FENNER BROCKWAY AND MR. LESLIE HALE GREETED BY AFRICAN CITIZENS ON ARRIVAL AT NAIROBI AIRPORT: Mr. Brockway is seen about to enter the car and Mr. Hale is already within. The arrival of the Labour M.P.s was much criticised by the European community, just as it was welcomed by members of the Kenya African Union. At the airport a small band of European women shouted "Go home" to Mr. Brockway and Mr. Hale.

THE GOVERNOR OF KENYA INSPECTS A GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE 1ST BATTALION THE ROYAL LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS: Sir Evelyn Baring carrying out his inspection before opening the new session of the Legislative Assembly. On the extreme left is Lieut.-General Sir Alexander Cameron, the G.O.C.-in-C. East African command. In his speech to the Assembly, the Governor emphasised the difficulty of carrying out development plans while unrest prevailed.



THE SEIZURE OF LIVESTOCK IN THE MIRITHU SECTION OF THE KIKUYU COUNTRY, AN ACTION TAKEN BY THE KENYAN GOVERNMENT UNDER SECTION 7 OF THE SPECIAL DISTRICTS ORDER: This round-up is typical of many that have had to be undertaken in areas where the tribesmen have been suspected of hostile activity. The owners of the impounded cattle are all under arrest and are now undergoing interrogation.

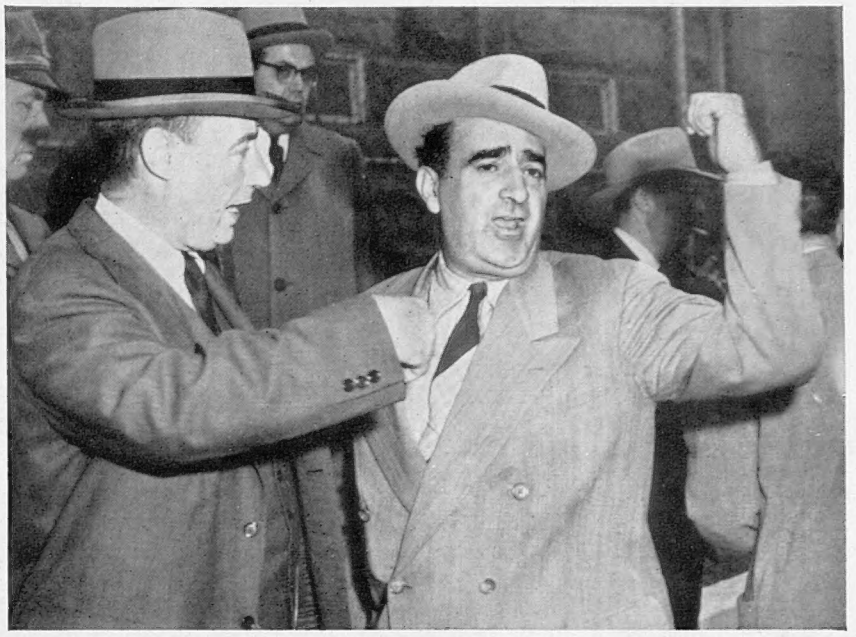


THE ARREST OF GATHIKU: The African about to be taken into court at Nairobi to be charged with the murder of Senior Chief Warukiu. Altogether six Africans have been held in custody in connection with this murder.

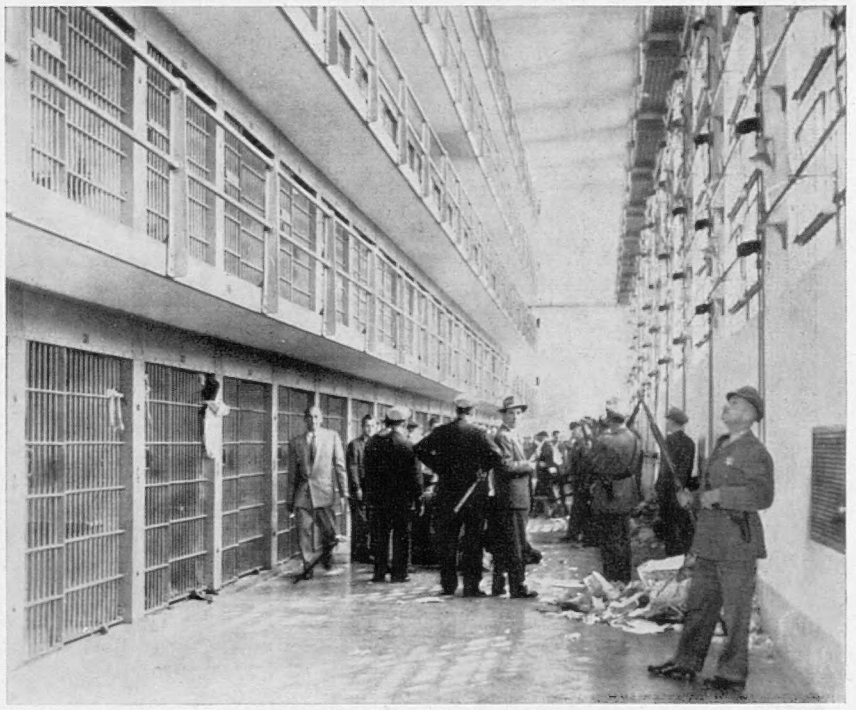
RIOTING AND ARSON IN ILLINOIS AND OHIO PRISONS

ADLAI STEVENSON GOES TO MENARD GAOL TO DEAL WITH AN UGLY SITUATION: THE STATE PENITENTIARY AT COLUMBUS SET ON FIRE

AFTER THE BATTLE AT MENARD STATE PRISON AT CHESTER, ILLINOIS: Guards examining the wrecked kitchen mess hall of the cell block where thirty-eight psychopathic prisoners held three guards as hostages. These three were freed at an early stage in the prison riot, but the seven guards held by the 300 rioters in the East Cell Block of the gaol remained in the hands of the inmates, and it seemed at one time that they would be hurled to their deaths from the prison roof. Governor Adlai Stevenson, interrupting his campaign for the Presidency, arrived on the scene, however, and personally supervised the launching of a police attack on the block. The attack was successful and the hostages were released. Stevenson's cool and resolute handling of this very tricky situation certainly enhanced his standing. The stone-and-concrete Menard Prison houses 1,850 prisoners, including 550 of the psychiatric division. All criminal psychopathic convicts in the Illinois State Prison system are confined at Menard. This was the second rising at Menard within five weeks.



GOVERNOR STEVENSON ON THE SCENE OF ACTION AT MENARD STATE PRISON: The Democratic leader, who had interrupted his Presidential campaign to go to Illinois to deal with the crisis, seen with Mr. Michael F. Seyfrit (right), Illinois' Director of Public Safety. Seyfrit, at Stevenson's orders, delivered the ultimatum to the prisoners, telling them that they would be attacked by armed police



THE BATTLE OF THE EAST CELL BLOCK IS OVER: Guards and officials in the Menard Prison after the rioting convicts had handed over their hostages and walked back to their cells on the orders of Governor Adlai Stevenson and his aides.

BURNING BUILDINGS AT THE OHIO STATE PENITENTIARY AT COLUMBUS: This was the scene on the morning after the outbreak of the riot. The riot began when the 2,000 inmates began to tear up the dining hall. Eight hundred of these rioters then returned voluntarily to their cells, but the remainder were completely out of control and they started four major fires. Some dozens of police cars and fire engines were quickly on the scene, but the fire brigades were not at first allowed to fight the fires, because there were not enough guards to protect them. After sub-machine guns had been issued to the guards and all regular and auxiliary police had been mobilised, the firemen went to work. The prisoners, shouting that they were "going all the way this time," moved toward the prison's north wall in what was thought might be a mass attempt to escape. The guards stood their ground and turned the rioters back

THE GOVERNOR AND THE WARDEN CONFER: Governor Frank Lausche (right) of Ohio with Warden Ralph W. Alvis during the recent riot at the State Penitentiary at Columbus.

FIRE-FIGHTING AT THE STATE PENITENTIARY AT COLUMBUS, OHIO: A stream of water being played on to the chapel from a vantage point outside the walls of the prison, where 1,200 prisoners had rioted and had then set light to the buildings.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN WAS BURSTING AT THE SEAMS WHEN ADLAI STEVENSON DELIVERED HIS BIG ADDRESS AT A DEMOCRATIC RALLY OF NEW YORK STATE SUP ORTERS: Stevenson is seen (back to camera on right) as he brought his campaign for the Presidency to a triumphal climax. There was considerable nervousness b fore the meeting, as it was thought not all the 25,000 seats would be full, for only once in Roosevelt's time was the hall filled for a Democratic meeting, and Mr. Truma in 1948 had an audience of only 16,000 for his eve-of-poll rally. There need have been no fears, however, for by 7 p.m. the doors were closed and by the time Steve son rose to speak at 10 p.m. it was estimated that 150,000 people were milling round the outside of the hall. After this Madison Square Rally, Mr. Stevenson left by train vernight for Pennsylvania, there to seek final support in this very populous State, where it was thought that the voting might swing in his favour. From that he was suddenly called away to his home State, Illinois, in order to cope, in his capacity as Governor, with the riot at Menard Prison, a task he completed with courage nd skill.

THE SAD CASE OF MR. JOHN CASHMORE, THE DEMOCRATIC SENATORIAL CANDIDATE FOR THE STATE OF NEW YORK, WHOSE SPEECHMAKING WAS CUT SHORT AT THE DEMOCRATIC RALLY IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: The resentful candidate is seen standing on the right of the rostrum after being elbowed out by the choral group which preceded the arrival of Adlai Stevenson. Despite the fact that he was taking up vital television time, Mr. Cashmore attempted to go on speaking. Eventually Senator Herbert Lehman (second from right) took the unfortunate politician by the arm and led him from the field of battle, still protesting. One result of Mr. Cashmore's action was to cause the concluding passage of Mr. Stevenson's speech to be omitted from the television programme, the paid time having expired.

NEW YORK, FOCAL POINT OF AMERICAN ELECTION FEVER

THE CANDIDATES CONVERGED ON AMERICA'S MOST POPULOUS CITY IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE POLL

TALLULAH AND ADLAI: Miss Bankhead introducing Mr. Stevenson on a television film designed for broadcasting before the election over the American Broadcasting Company's entire network. Miss Bankhead has been working in the Volunteers-for-Stevenson organisation.

THE EBULLIENT MR. EISENHOWER: This picture, taken at Belerose, New York, surely epitomises the abounding health of the Republican candidate, who stood up remarkably well to the severe physical trials of a truly hectic campaign.

THE GIGANTIC FLOP OF THE WHOLE CAMPAIGN—Senator Joseph McCarthy, witch-hunter No. 1 in American politics and a veritable hero to thousands of voters in Wisconsin, seen making his nationwide radio and television broadcast in Chicago, when he attempted to expose Adlai Stevenson. The exposure failed to reveal anything new. McCarthy's use of Press cuttings is an extraordinary feature of his speech-making technique on television. He will ask in an aside for a press cutting (say from the *New York Times*), and some people may be led to believe that his next sentences are a quotation from that journal.

MR. EISENHOWER PARADES THROUGH ENEMY TERRITORY: The Republican leader walking along Seventh Avenue near 36th Street, New York, and beneath a campaign banner for Stevenson erected by the Joint Board of the Cloakmakers' Union. There is a big Liberal element in this part of New York, one that supported Stevenson, but did not, at the same time, support the Democratic candidate for the Senate, Mr. John Cashmore.

A JOINT FILMING SESSION AT THE A.B.C. TELEVISION STUDIOS IN NEW YORK: On the left is Adlai Stevenson preparing a television broadcast, and on right Tallulah Bankhead, on whom the cameras were not turned at the time, is watching the proceedings with great interest before making one of her weekly broadcasts. In this campaign Miss Bankhead has supported Mr. Adlai Stevenson with the same enthusiasm which she gave to President Truman in 1948.

EISENHOWER WITH THE REPUBLICAN STANDARD BEARER OF 1944 AND 1948: Thomas Dewey, Governor of New York State, seen with his successor in the leadership of the party, the nominee of 1952. In the concluding days of the campaign Dewey put everything aside to help Eisenhower.

VINTAGE CARS ON THE ROAD TO BRIGHTON

Commemorating the Emancipation of Motorists from the "Man with the Red Flag"—A 1902 Lanchester Leads the Way into Brighton at the End of the Journey

FULL STEAM AHEAD—MR. J. M. EDWARDS'S 1900 SOAME STEAM CAR UNDER WAY JUST AFTER THE START OF THE VETERAN CAR RUN FROM LONDON TO BRIGHTON: In spite of the most dismal autumn weather many thousands of people gathered in Hyde Park to watch the Veterans start on their adventurous journey. The cars started in order of age, the oldest dating back to 1895, at intervals from 8.30 a.m. All along the route there were more crowds and traffic blocks of private cars, and the veterans were, wherever possible, allowed to proceed on the right-hand side of the road. When the time limit had expired at 4 p.m. 143 out of 152 starters had checked in at Brighton.

CROSSING WESTMINSTER BRIDGE AND STILL GOING STRONG: Big Ben says 9.10 a.m. as Mr. C. W. Rowe's solid-tyred 1903 Renault, one of the 152 starters in the annual Veteran Car Run, rattles on to Brighton.

MAKING ADJUSTMENTS TO S. F. BENNETT'S 1903 CADILLAC: Wearing a duffle coat is the racing driver Stirling Moss. This picture was taken near Buckingham Palace.

A SPOT OF TROUBLE WITH INTERNAL COMBUSTION: At the wheel of this 1901 De Dion Bouton, seen through smoke from the exhaust, is J. H. S. Guest.

MR. AND MRS. R. LAWSON WAVE FROM THEIR "VOITURETTE" BEFORE LEAVING HYDE PARK: This tiny 3-h.p. Leon Bollee was built in 1896.

THE OLD AND THE NEW—A MODERN STREAMLINED CAR FOLLOWS A VETERAN AS IT CHUGS DETERMINEDLY THROUGH THE RAIN ON THE BRIGHTON ROAD: Mr. R. J. Stephens is seen driving the 8-h.p. Stephens Dog Cart he helped to rebuild.

MR. G. A. UPTON'S 1902 LANCHESTER DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF BRIGHTON, THE FIRST OF THE VETERANS TO ARRIVE: After leading the car to the sea-front the Mayor of Brighton presented the traditional pennant to the driver.

IT MEASURES 136 FT. FROM ROTOR-TIP TO ROTOR-TIP AND IS THE LARGEST HELICOPTER IN THE WORLD: The XH 17, built by the Hughes Aircraft Company at Culver City, California, seen with two touring cars placed beneath its fuselage in order to emphasise its vast size. This heavy-duty, jet-powered machine has been built experimentally for the United States Air Force. It is the prototype of a model designed for carrying heavy equipment, such as artillery, trucks and bridge sections, into battle areas inaccessible to conventional aircraft. The overall height of the machine is more than 30 ft. The first tests with this helicopter have been successful.

OUTSIZE IN HELICOPTERS

THE LARGE, HEAVY-DUTY, JET-POWERED MACHINE MAKES ITS FIRST FLIGHT AT CULVER CITY, CALIFORNIA

Howard Hughes, American aviation pioneer and until lately a power in the film world, believes in building big, and readers of THE SPHERE will readily recall pictures of his astonishing flying-boat which has a span of 320 ft., a length of 219 ft. and accommodation for 700 passengers. Hughes has to date spent more than 10,000,000 dollars of his own money on this gigantic experiment, and now he comes forward with another outsize in machines, the latest being the XH 17 helicopter, which he has constructed for the United States Air Force. Details of this machine are not at present available, beyond the overall measurements and the fact that it is powered by two modified turbojets which supply gas pressure through ducts to the rotor-tips.

What is of special interest regarding this machine is its potentiality as a heavy-duty helicopter for front-line service. Provided the XH 17 passes all its initial tests it seems that it has a good chance of being adopted officially by the United States Air Force. Other American companies in the helicopter field are Kaman Aircraft Corporation, who produce a four-seater liaison helicopter for the U.S. Navy, Hiller Helicopters Inc., who make air ambulances and field evacuation helicopters for the United States Army, and the Piasecki Helicopter Corporation, the makers of the XH 16, a large tandem helicopter designed for long-range rescue in the United States Air Force and troop and equipment transport in the United States Army.

WHEELS OFF THE GROUND FOR THE FIRST TIME: Two views of the Howard Hughes helicopter during initial trials at Culver City, California. The XH 17 climbed on its first flight to a height of 50 ft. and remained airborne for nine minutes. As the machine left the ground there was such a down-rush of air that one cameraman and his equipment were bowled over and hats and coats were sent flying in all directions. Three persons, including test pilot Gale Moore, were aboard.

FROM EUROPE, ASIA AND AMERICA

A Pictorial Survey of the Foreign News in Pictures

WORKMEN CLEARING THE WRECKAGE FROM THE TRACKS AT THE MOSHOLU PARKWAY STATION IN THE BRONX, NEW YORK, AFTER AN EMPTY TEN-CAR TRAIN HAD CRASHED INTO THE REAR OF ANOTHER EMPTY TRAIN: There was one fatal casualty, a motorman, in this disaster, which in some of its features resembled the Harrow and Wealdstone disaster in that it took place in a railway station, and that coaches actually mounted the platforms. The motorman who died drove his train through a caution signal, which was also the case with the Perth express at Harrow and Wealdstone. This accident in the Bronx delayed thousands of passengers, and full service was not restored until the next day.

PERSIA SEVERS DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED KINGDOM: Khosrow Afshar (left), Chief of the European Section of the Persian Foreign Ministry, informing Mr. George Middleton, British Chargé d'Affaires in Teheran, of the break between the two countries. As a result of the break the British Embassy, which has been occupied continuously by British diplomats for ninety-three years, is being closed down and British interests in Persia are now being looked after by the Swiss Legation in Teheran.

TORONTO'S VITALLY NEEDED SUBWAY TAKES SHAPE: The tracks are now being laid along stretches of Canada's first subway, which will run north from the city to Eglington. Torontonians and visitors alike will probably sigh with relief when they no longer have to crowd aboard packed street-cars. This picture shows the stretch of line looking north from Roxborough Street—just about midway point on the new system.

PREMIER MOSSADEK IN SESSION WITH HIS CABINET AT TEHERAN AFTER THE DIPLOMATIC BREAK WITH BRITAIN: From left to right are the Prime Minister (Dr. Mossadek), the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs (Seifollah Moazami), the Foreign Minister (Hussein Fatemi), the Minister of Justice (Ali Ofti), and the Minister of Finance (Bagher Kazemi). Hussein Fatemi told a Press Conference last week that when Mr. George Middleton, the British Chargé d'Affaires, finally left Teheran he would carry with him a special message to the British people from Dr. Mossadek. The message would inform them of certain facts regarding the Anglo-Persian dispute, of which, he says, the British people have been unaware "because of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's ill propaganda."

IN THE STEPS OF PLATO: Sir Alexander Fleming (centre), discoverer of penicillin, at the ceremony in Athens when he was made an Associate Member of the Athens Academy. Together with the Academy diploma and insignia, he was presented with an olive branch cut from a tree under which Plato is said to have taught. With Dr. Fleming at the ceremony was Dr. Amalia Youreka (left), who was a research assistant to Dr. Fleming in London for three years, and has now gone back to Athens to take charge of a bacteriological department. Dr. Youreka is famous for her heroism during the German occupation of Greece. She frequently risked death to hide British soldiers, was captured, tortured and sentenced to death, but saved at the eleventh hour.

THE LITTLE PRINCESS WHO REFUSED TO BE COMFORTED: Watching Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands leaving by air on a goodwill tour of Latin America are Queen Juliana and her daughters Irene, aged thirteen, the tearful Marijke, aged five, Beatrix fourteen, and Margriet, nine. Prince Bernhard was leaving Holland to pay a six-weeks visit to Mexico, Colombia, Ecuador and Peru. This is his third recent visit to the New World. Early in 1951 he made a goodwill tour of Chile, the Argentine and Uruguay, and in April of this year, with Queen Juliana, he paid a state visit to the United States.

EMPTY COAL WAGONS AT COLUMBUS, OHIO—A RESULT OF THE RECENT AMERICAN COAL STRIKE: 350,000 soft-coal miners were concerned in the strike, which began when the Wage Stabilisation Board ruled that they could have only 1 dollar 50 cents out of the 1 dollar 90 cents a day wage increase agreed to by the mine owners. Later last week it was reported that the men were streaming back to the pits in response to the advice of Mr. John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, who in an interview with President Truman had been assured that his case would get a fair hearing. Action on the petition to permit the mine owner to pay the additional 40 cents a day will come after the election on November 4. In the meantime the contract stands, and if the increase is approved in full by the Wage Stabilisation Board, it will be paid retrospectively from October 1. On the other hand, the reversal of the Wage Stabilisation Board's decision might lead to considerable embarrassment in other quarters, and many observers believe that it would result in mass resignations from the Board. One idea put forward to solve the impasse was to put the extra money aside for the miners until the present wage stabilisation ends, as it will next April, unless Congress decides to extend the period.

IN ST. MARK'S, ROME, A MUSSOLINI WEDS A BONAPARTE

TWO FAMILIES OF EUROPEAN SIGNIFICANCE UNITED AT THE CHURCH OF ST. MARK, IN ROME: Raimonda Ciano, nineteen-year-old granddaughter of Benito Mussolini and daughter of the late Count Ciano, Italy's Fascist Foreign Minister, kneeling beside Allessandro Giunta, twenty-three-year-old descendant of Napoleon's brother, Lucien Bonaparte, during the marriage ceremony, which was attended by some notables in Roman society and practically the whole of the Mussolini family living in Italy. The Mussolini contingent was headed by Rachele Mussolini, the widow of the Duce. Allessandro Giunta is the son of Mussolini's former lieutenant, Francesco Giunta, a hero of the First World War and First Under-Secretary to the Presidency of the Council of Ministers when Fascism first came to power in Italy after the so-called March on Rome. Giunta's mother Zenaide, Marchioness Roccagiovine del Gallo, is a direct descendant of Lucien Bonaparte. Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, was a younger brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, and when little more than a boy was an active figure in the troubles which disturbed Corsica. It was he who paved the way politically for his brother's triumph in France. Later he had several quarrels with Napoleon and, on marrying the widow of a stockbroker, retired to Italy, where he received the papal title of Prince of Canino. Lucien died in Rome in 1840, leaving a large family, several members of which became prominent in public life in France and Italy.

A SMILING BONAPARTE LEANS ACROSS TO REASSURE A RATHER COY BRIDE: Allessandro Giunta and Raimonda Ciano seen together during the marriage service in the Basilica of St. Mark, in Rome. The church is incorporated in the right wing of the Palazzo Venezia, which was Benito Mussolini's ministerial office for over twenty years.

THREE GENERATIONS HOLD A WATCHING BRIEF: Rachele Mussolini, widow of the late Benito Mussolini, Edda Ciano Mussolini, daughter of Benito and mother of the bride, and Carolina Ciano, grandmother of the bride, seen standing together in the Basilica of St. Mark during the wedding of Allessandro Giunta and Raimonda Ciano.

THE AMERICAN ICE-BREAKER "EASTWIND," FROM WHICH BALLOONS WITH INSTRUMENTS TO MEASURE COSMIC RAYS WERE LAUNCHED: The balloons, 180 ft. high, were used to carry rockets to high altitudes, from which they were fired almost vertically together with their recording instruments. Measurements of rays before they became subjected to terrestrial interference were made.

CIVILIAN TECHNICIANS ON THE ICE-BREAKER "EASTWIND" PREPARING A BALLOON FOR LAUNCHING: The hosepipe pumps helium into the envelope and when sufficient helium to lift the attached cans has been introduced, the cans are removed and instruments of the same weight substituted.

COSMIC RAY FACT-FINDING

Measuring the Qualities of the Mysterious Particles which Reach the Earth from Outer Space

Cosmic rays are particles of unknown origin, far more penetrating than those from radioactive substances, which are continually bombarding the terrestrial atmosphere from outer space. The study of them is still in its infancy, but during the past few years considerable research has been going on to discover their nature and origin.

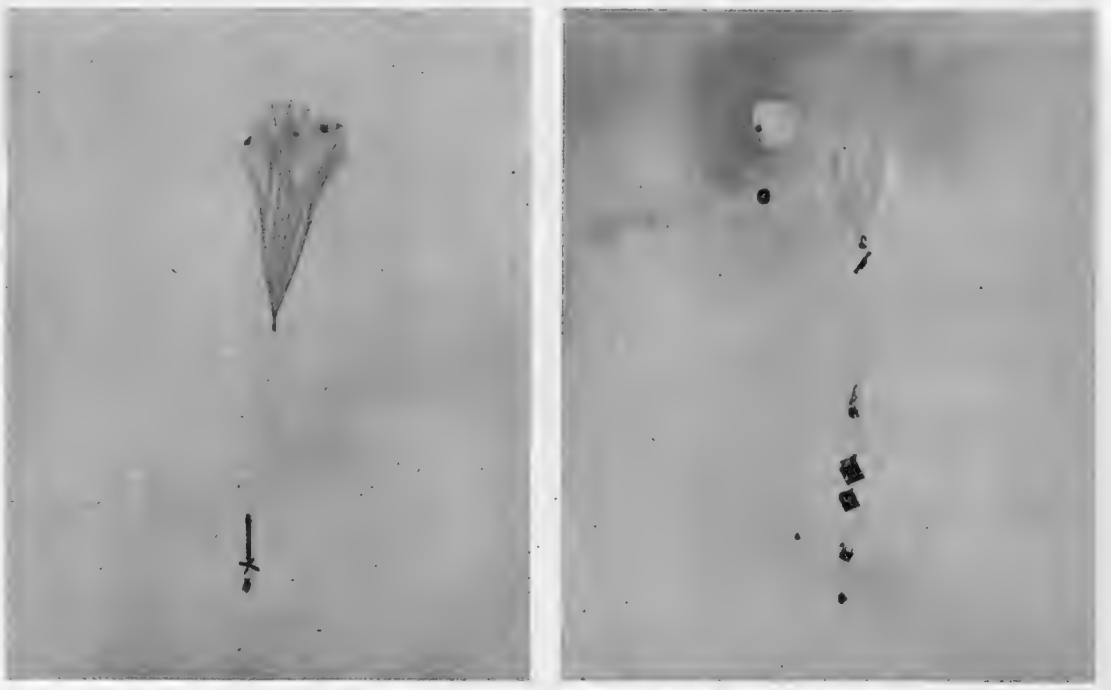
During the summer months of August and September 1952, the American Office of Naval Research carried out a series of high-altitude cosmic ray investigations in the vicinity of the magnetic pole in Northern Greenland. These measurements were made with scientific instruments and instrumented rockets carried to high altitudes by large, constant-level plastic balloons launched from the deck of the ice-breaker *Eastwind* while cruising in Baffin Bay. The purpose of these experiments was to measure the charge and energy spectrum of the primary cosmic radiation, and the inter-actions of this primary radiation with the earth's atmosphere at high altitudes.

The weather was a severe handicap. Launching of the balloons was possible only because of the ship's ability to create a "no-wind" condition by steaming downwind. The "no-wind" condition was necessary, since the balloons were about as high as a ten-storey building. In the severely restricted waters of the area, which were dotted with mammoth icebergs and in some places completely covered with ice, speeds to equal the wind were difficult to attain, and on many days the wind or ice prevented balloon launching.

The balloon-rocket experiments, under the direction of Dr. James A. Van Allen, head of the Department of Physics, State University of Iowa, measured the primary cosmic radiation above the earth's atmosphere. U.S. Navy "Deacon" rockets were launched suspended beneath the high-altitude balloons. The balloon lifted the rocket up through most of the earth's atmosphere to an altitude where the rocket was fired almost vertically. Launched at balloon altitudes, the rockets went up to altitudes of about 40 miles. This is the greatest height ever known to have been reached in these latitudes. Each rocket carried either a Geiger counter or an ionisation chamber which measured the cosmic radiation. The data from the rocket was radioed back to the *Eastwind*, where it was recorded and analysed. For this reason it was unnecessary to recover the rockets after flight. The data obtained was in substantial agreement with what was predicted on the basis of similar measurements at lower latitudes.

Nuclear emulsion plates, which record the passage of the cosmic radiation through the photographic material, were successfully flown to altitudes of about 90,000 ft. One set of equipment landed on Ellesmere Island, another on the Greenland ice-cap, near the magnetic pole. The snowstorms during the last of August and early September prevented U.S. Navy helicopters from recovering the equipment. Dr. Marcel Schein, of the University of Chicago, has offered a reward of 100 dollars for the return of this equipment.

LAUNCHING ONE OF THE BALLOONS CARRYING INSTRUMENTS TO MEASURE COSMIC RAYS, FROM THE FLIGHT-DECK OF THE "EASTWIND": The rotor blades of the ship's two helicopters can be seen on the right. A gas bubble in the balloon, which is made of polyethylene only ·001 in. thick, is seen lifting the upper portion from the deck.



BALLOONS FROM THE "EASTWIND" ON THEIR WAY TO PROBE THE SECRETS OF THE HEAVENS: *On left*—Carrying one of the "Deacon" rockets which are fired automatically at high altitudes. *On right*—Neutron and Geiger counters and photographic plates. The small balloon on left carries a radio beacon and a black rubber ball supporting the radio antenna. Equipment from this flight was automatically parachuted and descended in Greenland.

ONCE AGAIN THE GENERALS MARCH AT THE HEAD OF THEIR MEN: Bernard Ramcke, former parachute leader, Felix Steiner and Herbert Gille, all of them generals of the Second World War, marching behind the wreath-bearers and in front of fellow-members of the Waffen S.S. when they held their reunion in Werden, Lower Saxony, for the first time since the war. The rally was characterised by the strident remarks of Herr Ramcke.

GERMANY SPEAKS WITH MANY VOICES

The Former S.S. Generals Forgather and Bernard Ramcke Denounces the West in Nazi Style; The Appeal for the Prisoners of War Who Have Not Returned

Herr Bernard Ramcke, the parachute general who owed his release from a French prison largely to the efforts made on his behalf by the Bonn Government, incurred the displeasure of Chancellor Adenauer and his colleagues at Bonn when he delivered a strident attack upon the Western Powers, choosing as his moment for this onslaught the reunion of the 5,000 members of the Waffen S.S. at Werden, in Lower Saxony. Some of his fellow-generals were at pains to dissociate themselves from the words of Herr Ramcke, but it was significant that at the Werden reunion no one attempted to pull him up short. Meanwhile, in other parts of Western Germany there were gatherings of old soldiers and the sons of still incarcerated prisoners of war calling in earnest terms for the leniency of the Western Allies, and the release of all remaining prisoners of war. In some places fires of remembrance were lighted. At Ulzen, not far from the Soviet Zone Border, a memorial was unveiled bearing the inscription: "German prisoners-of-war invoke the conscience of the world." In a less degree, perhaps, the words of Bernard Ramcke at Werden invoked the memory of Hitler furiously denouncing the Versailles Treaty only a few years after the First World War.

The repercussions of the Ramcke speech were almost world-wide, and it is understood that Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, the British High Commissioner, has forwarded a confidential report on the speech to the Foreign Office.

TH[illegible]RIAL OF HEINRICH SCHWIND: Heinrich Schwind (left), who is charged with the murder of seventy-one inmates of the Lodz (Poland) Concentration Camp, talking to his lawyer, Dr. Scheepers, during a recess at his trial before the West Berlin Court of Assize. The sixty-two-year-old Schwind, who was the Nazi official in charge of the camp traffic, will have some twenty-eight witnesses testifying against him during the trial. It is alleged, among other atrocities, that Schwind tore infant children from the arms of their mothers and threw them out of windows into waiting trucks bound for gas chambers.

THE PRIME MINISTER OF GERMANY'S EASTERN ZONE MEETS HIS PARTY: Otto Nuschke addressing the Sixth Congress of the Eastern Zone C.D.U. Party in Berlin. The Congress revealed considerable unity of thought.

THE MEMORIAL WEEK IN WEST GERMANY FOR THE GERMAN PRISONERS OF WAR WHO HAVE NOT COME BACK: *Left*—Bavarians marching to the Angel of Peace Building in Munich during a demonstration staged on behalf of the 13,600 Germans who are still held prisoner seven years after the end of the Second World War. Many of the young men who marched are sons of prisoners still held in captivity. *Right*—Dr. Bluecher, Vice-Chancellor of West Germany, speaking in Berlin on the last day of the memorial week, when he called for the release of all prisoners. Banners proclaimed the various countries still holding German prisoners.

Nature in Turbulent Mood

A NEAPOLITAN MUD BATH

AND A TIDAL WAVE IN INDO-CHINA

CITIZENS CLEARING A WAY FOR FLOODWATER AMID THE RUBBLE IN A STREET IN NAPLES AFTER THE CLOUDBURST WHICH PARALYSED THE LIFE OF THE CITY FOR SEVERAL HOURS, TURNING MANY OF THE MAIN HIGHWAYS INTO A MUD BATH : Water rushing down from the neighbouring hills turned streets into torrents which swept away hundreds of cars. The wide Piazza Garibaldi, facing the Central Railway Station, was covered by over 3 ft. of water and shops and houses in the lower parts of the city were flooded to a depth of 5 ft. Floods also brought traffic on the railway around Vesuvius to a standstill and undermined a stretch of the Naples-Pompeii motor road, which had to be closed. Large tracts of cultivated land outside Naples were under water. Ten thousand people were temporarily made homeless as a result of the cloudburst. The homeless were placed in camps in three ruined barracks at Granili, near Naples. Emergency measures were taken to prevent epidemics.

NEAPOLITAN STREET SCENE : Citizens surveying the devastation after the floodwaters, caused by a cloudburst, had coursed through their street, bringing a mass of mud with them.

A STREET IN PHANTIET INUNDATED BY THE FLOODWATERS AND ITS HOMES DAMAGED OR DESTROYED : French officials have reported that as many as 500 people may have lost their lives in this tidal wave which swept in upon Phantiet, a town of about 20,000 inhabitants lying about 100 miles north-east of Saigon. Phantiet was almost completely cut off by the sea. At the same time another tragedy was enacted in South-East Asia when a typhoon swept up the coast of Luzon, striking hard at the Tayabas Bay area and then veering westward over the China Sea. The Director of the Philippines Red Cross said the entire resources of his organisation had been called into play.

IN THE WAKE OF THE TIDAL WAVE AT PHANTIET, INDO-CHINA : This tree collapsed on to the roof of a house when the formidable wave swept inland, doing an immensity of damage.

AN ESTATE WAGON IS CRUSHED BY AN UPROOTED TREE : This is another example of the widespread damage caused by the tidal wave in and around the town of Phantiet, Indo-China.

THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON—A VIEW LOOKING SOUTH-WEST, SHOWING IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND THE LAKE OF LLYN GADER : Snowdonia came into being as a National Park in 1951 when Sir Patrick Duff, Chairman of the National Parks Commission, signed the designation order for the area, which covers 837 sq. miles in the North Wales counties of Caernarvonshire, Denbighshire and Merionethshire. The Lake District National Park and the Peak District National Park were also designated in the course of 1951.

SNOWDONIA AS A NATIONAL PARK

The Wild, Bare, Broken Mountain Territory in the Top Left-hand Corner of Wales which has Now Been Designated as a Playground of the People

By JOHN MAY

Speaking last week at the National Conference of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England at Harrogate, Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis declared that because Britain had not a dependable climate, exciting cooking or civilised licensing laws she could not afford to neglect her countryside if she were to attract tourists, and in this connection he deplored the hydro-electric schemes in Snowdonia, which, he said, were on a scale which might be assimilated into a Continental landscape but that would be death to ours. Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis thus focused attention once again on one of the first of Britain's National Parks, one in which he is deeply interested and about which he is deeply knowledgeable, and it is hoped that his stern defence of this area will not go unheeded. In the following article John May describes a recent visit to Snowdonia, dwelling in particular on the charms of the National Park as a centre of mountaineering.

A YOUNG girl in a strapless sun-top dress stood poised on the summit of the highest mountain in England and Wales this summer, having walked up the five miles ascent from Llanberis in light rubber-soled sandals. The day was so clear that northwards the Isle of Man and to the south-west the Wicklow Mountains of Ireland were dimly visible. They meant nothing to her. With the breeze moulding her figure, she was aware only that for nail-booted and thick-sweatered mountaineering males near by she was a better part of the view—a touch of femininity to heighten the charm of the fossiliferous gritty shale mixed with volcanic dust which forms the apex of Snowdon's peak.

The wild, bare and broken mountain territory in the top left-hand corner of Wales, especially the Snowdon family of peaks itself, resembles the jagged grandeur of the famed mountain ranges of the world more closely than does any other region of England and Wales.

AN A.A. PATROL BENEATH THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON : This is the junction of the Llanberis and Beddgelert Passes at Pen-y-Gwrhyd. Here the A.A. have a roadside mobile office, and a jeep for towing cars which get into difficulties.

"Apart from the distant Isle of Skye, no part of Britain," says the National Parks Committee, "offers better sport to the rapidly increasing body of climbers."

Skye is remote ; North Wales is central and little more than 200 miles at most from anywhere south of the Tweed. The result has been an avalanche in reverse, an inundation of the ridges, gullies and pathways with a flood of humanity—an *apparent* taming of the mountains.

British climbing was at first an import, a non-Browning version of "home thoughts from abroad" in true Victorian upper-class style. Alpine climbers pining for foreign heights discovered there were mountains at their own back door in Wales. In the quiet beginnings of the rage that resulted, walkers and anglers rode in heavy horse-drawn coaches and farmcarts up the stony roads from Caernarvon to Pen-y-Gwrhyd, about 1,000 ft. up among the mountains. Harry Owen at the inn there kept a stable of fourteen pack horses and ponies for the ride to the summit.

Heavy corduroys, multiple layers of flannel, boots like battleships and stockings like trees were the recognised armour of mountaineers. Spirited and daring women, while out climbing, tore strips of the heavy hems of their skirts to make the going easier, and one—hampered in attempting "Lockwood's Chimney" to qualify for membership of a ladies' climbing club—impatiently discarded her corsets in the open air.

(Continued on following page)

THE SNOWDONIA NATIONAL PARK—A SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWING BY LESLIE HAYWOOD: The main map does not show the whole area of the Park, which, as the inset shows, actually extends as far south as Aberdovey. Since 1937 the Gwydyr Forest, which lies on the eastern side of the newly-designated National Park, has been regarded as a National Forest Park and the public have had free access to the hills and lakes above the Forestry Commission's plantation. To the south of Snowdon lies Beddgelert, and here, indeed, is an entrancingly sited if sprawling village in a land of mountains, streams, waterfalls and lakes. The focal point of the park is, of course, Snowdon itself, and this is shown in an inset.

THE PASS OF DRWS-Y-COED—A REGION MUCH FREQUENTED BY THE FAIRIES IN WELSH LEGEND AND ONE WHICH HAS YIELDED RICH SUPPLIES OF COPPER: This was an area of prehistoric settlement. Several ancient cairns were once to be found in the locality and about the year 1832 five stone cists containing ashes and human bones were disclosed by a man when digging. The copper mine lies some distance down the road beyond the pass.

(*Continued from previous page*)

Between the wars, helped by the spreading of the Youth Hostels, hill walking and mountaineering boomed. Unfortunately, only the climbing clubs then taught how to climb safely, and they demanded experience as a qualification of being admitted to membership. Their "nobody to enter the water until they can swim" policy brought strange results—one of them indirectly the flimsily clad girl on Snowdon. But the process of mountain-taming which brought her there had, of course, been going on for centuries.

Four thousand years ago immigrants from the Mediterranean built in Snowdonia their cromlechs of great flat-sided stones. To-day mountain sheep farming (Thomas Firbank wrote of it in *I Bought a Mountain*), carried on by shepherds who still use wooden crooks of biblical shape, is one part of mountain-taming, the gathering of scythed hay like heaps of lawn mowings is another. Slate quarrying rips the ribs out of the mountain's side, and is more like mayhem. But the quarries to the north-east of Llanberis, for example, have a terrace beauty where they are reflected in the smooth waters of Llyn Padarn and Llyn Peris, and North Wales provides the best blue roofing slate, split almost wafer thin, for the whole of Britain.

Inevitably the Forestry Commission, like a prudish missionary among naked savages, has rushed forward to clothe bare beauty with its close-woven dark green. Gwydyr Forest is on the eastern foothills of the Snowdon range, with Bettws-y-Coed its centre, and covers 28 sq. miles. Beddgelert Forest lies west of Snowdon and is a sixth of this size. Neither will be fully planted, but these two forests make up the Snowdonia National Forest Park (not to be confused with the National Park). They are open to the public, and the Forestry Commission has established on the edge of Beddgelert Forest a completely equipped camping ground.

The village of Beddgelert is celebrated, incidentally, for the story of Prince Llywelyn and his dog Gelert. A wolf attacked his baby, the dog defended and saved it, but assuming that the dog itself had mauled the child,

SNOWDONIA AS A NATIONAL PARK

IE SOUTH-WESTERN FLANK OF SNOWDON : In the foreground is a smiling valley, beyond lie the wild mountain wastes which surround Snowdon and which until the end of the y remained fastnesses which few folk wished to penetrate on any pretext. At that time the road through the Llanberis Pass was no more than a succession of rude and out of the rocks high above the lakes. This route through the mountains existed from medieval times, and it was not really until the dawn of the nineteenth century that om the great estate owners in Snowdonia, any real progress was made in improving communications. Many of the estate owners were on the side of progress, as they wished considerable mineral resources of the area. Extensive mining operations have taken place from time to time in the neighbourhood of Tal-y-Mignedd and Llanberis.

Llywelyn killed Gelert before discovering the truth. About 150 years ago the legend "was sedulously publicised by a local innkeeper," remarks Clough Williams-Ellis. "Even a burial-place was contrived, where the dog-conscious may still be found meditating."

When recently the British Electricity Authority put forward eight hydro-electric schemes which sought not to tame, but to enslave the North Wales mountains, there was a greater public uproar than if Llywelyn's baby had eaten the dog! The plan for Snowdon was typical. Concrete-lined leats (artificial waterways) were to trail round the hillsides, following the contour lines, to collect water. They were to be fenced in, and would provide a 75-ft. moat and rocky rampart cutting off all access to the peak, except by bridges. Streams were to be drain-piped, waterfalls starved, lakes dammed, ugly steel conduits brought down mountainsides, and power stations and pylons erected in green valleys. Sir Norman Birkett protested vigorously in a letter to *The Times*. Another writer said much the same more forcibly : "The scheme makes a monkey of the National Parks Act."

Now B.E.A. is experimenting to harness mountain winds with windmills, using a new principle evolved by a Frenchman named Andreau. The windmill's hollow propeller blades, hydraulically controlled at a constant speed, have vents at the tips. Air discharged from them by centrifugal force is sucked up the windmill shaft, thus operating an air-driven turbine at ground-level, which is coupled to a generator to deliver three-phase power into the grid network.

A few streamlined windmills, even if they are pylon high, will look like mere matchsticks if they are ever erected on the mountains. Windmills, anyway, are always beautiful. They will serve to emphasize the towering landscape's awe-inspiring immensity—as does the tiny fluff of smoke seen against the skyline from the tourist trains that crawl up Snowdon.

Picturesque in its own way, Britain's only rack railway has, nevertheless, been a controversial topic ever since its pegged track crept up Snowdon's north-west flank in 1895. There are half-a-dozen stations on its

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A ROCKY BLUFF OVERLOOKING THE ROAD THROUGH THE PASS OF DRWS-Y-COED : This pass hardly differs in aspect since the eighteenth-century days before the opening of the railway and before the new roads which the landlords built to open up the mining area. The miners then had to tramp over the hills to and from work.

LLYN LLYDAW FROM LLIWEDD : A striking feature of Snowdonia is the number of lakes it contains. There are more than sixty of them altogether, and twenty of them can be seen from the summit of Y Wyddfa. They range from little, rounded pools like Llyn Glas in Cwm Glas, overlooking the Pass of Llanberis, to the large, high-level lakes like Llyn Llydaw, which has a maximum depth of 190 ft. Even more remarkable than the variation in size and elevation of these lakes is the variation in depth. It is believed that the deeper lakes of Snowdonia were hollowed out by glaciers.

SHEEP CORRALLED ON A SLOPE IN SNOWDONIA : The sheep are almost as much a part of the Welsh hills as the rocks themselves.

IDWAL COTTAGE, NEAR LAKE OGWEN—A SPOT WELL KNOWN TO CLIMBERS : It is typical of the hostels scattered through the mountains, and all within a day's march of one another.

NEARING THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON : The Watkin Path, showing a well-defined track amid the rock formations. It leads to Y Wyddfa, the highest of the three peaks of Snowdon, which towers to 3,560 ft. The easiest ascents of Snowdon are from Llanberis, either by a good path or the mountain railway. In all, there are fourteen peaks in Wales reaching to over 3,000 ft.

SNOWDONIA AS A NATIONAL PARK

(Concluded from previous pages)

five-mile route, and half-a-dozen trains. On each a Swiss-built engine pushes a single coach up the mountain, and precedes it down, running against its own compression.

During the puffing ascent, the peaks and foothills on either side advance and retire in a slow majestic dance. At Clogwyn there is a sheer view of the 2,000-ft. drop to the Llanberis Pass, with cars crawling the threadlike road below. Purist mountaineers recall their mournful satisfaction when, years ago in Cwm Glas, they picked up bits of the trial engine which dived over the edge on the first trip. The driver and fireman baled out. Now passengers queue from Easter to October to pay the half-guinea return fare, and jostle an hour later in the building at the top to buy refreshments and literature rubber-stamped "*Summit of Snowdon.*"

This is mountain-taming with a vengeance! But the taste of heady mountain air that many thousands get every summer by going up Snowdon by rail, or walking up the easy path which roughly follows the track, adds to the increasing flow of recruits to real mountaineering. Various steps have been taken to deal with them. In 1944 the British Mountaineering Council was formed by thirty clubs, and one of its first acts was to bring out the Penguin primer *Climbing in Britain*. Down at Llanberis rectory, meanwhile, all sorts of people were calling on Canon J. H. Williams to ask advice about the mountains, and at Easter 1946 he began running mountain-training courses for Boy Scouts who camp in his rectory grounds.

To date, more than 5,000 boys have been through Canon Williams's hands "with not so much as a scratched knee." From such centres as the Youth Hostel at Capel Curig, and the Holiday Fellowship centre at Bryn Dynas, Nant Gwynant, the Mountaineering Association runs courses for mountaineers of varying degrees of proficiency. Elsewhere private guides have their own schools. All who come are tremendously enthusiastic and energetic. There is the tramp of iron-shod boots in the night as a party makes for the Watkin path at 2 a.m. to climb Snowdon, watch the sunrise and swim in the river before breakfast on the road home. They are out again all day. They sing and square-dance all evening until nearly midnight!

The cream of the best qualified and most experienced climbers in Britain still gravitates to the inn at Pen-y-Gwrhyd. For ten that came there to climb in the old days, there are now a thousand on the mountains of Snowdonia. Hill-walkers, mountaineers who can find their way with map and compass, rock climbers who with ropes and science tackle the "virtually vertical"—there is scope for them all.

"The approach to Snowdon over Crib Goch, the main ridges running northwards from the Glyders, and the ridge joining the summits of Mynydd Drws y Coed and Mynydd Tal y Mignedd offer an excellent introduction," said the National Parks report. "Tryfan, Craig yr Ysfa and the northern faces of the Glyders provide climbs to suit all-comers, and the fearsome cliff of Clogwyn Du'r-arddu, rising sheer above the still, dark lake below, supplies all the exposure and exiguity of hold that the most confident climber could desire."

There are good hotels, plentiful youth hostels, tent and caravan camping grounds, bathing, boating, trout and salmon fishing. Fourteen of the high peaks of Snowdon, the Glyders and the Carneddau (the three main masses lying inland from Conway and Caernarvon), exceed 3,000 ft., and the walk that includes the summits of them all has become a race with a "bogey" time of just over eight hours. The lesser heights have also been charted. E. G. Rowland, a veteran mountain walker and camper, who retired to live at Criccieth in 1943, covered fifty 2,000-ft. peaks between his sixty-fourth and sixty-eighth birthdays—and then wrote a detailed guide to the walks over them.

The mountains of Snowdonia would seem to have been lined up, numbered, taped and tamed indeed!

But no mountain is ever truly broken in. On the walls of Pen-y-Gwrhyd Hotel are photographs of expert and famous climbers who fell—and died. Every year there are newspaper headlines: "First Climb: Girls Lost on Mountain," or "Climber Hung on Three Hours." Pen-y-Gwrhyd is a mountain rescue post, and Christopher Briggs, the Yorkshireman manager, is one of those who go out only too often to find lost climbers or bring back injured ones. Nobody on this job denies the dictum that "at least nine out of ten mountain accidents in Britain are due to ignorance, or carelessness, or both."

The girl in the sun-top dress who found Snowdon's north-west footpath so deceptively easy is, in fact, just the type for an eventual headline. The fact that fifty-seven people crowded on the cairn that sunny afternoon, and that Snowdon on such days seems like a mountain equivalent of Southend pier, is misleading. Mountains have other moods. And that so many are attracted to the tremendous exhilaration of conquering their heights does not in the slightest spoil or truly tame the peaks.

"The thrill of a mountain first seen, or of a first climb attempted, remains for each newcomer a unique sensation," wrote Geoffrey Winthrop Young. "The lift of the precipice above the cwm, the challenge of the crag under lowering clouds, the ruckle of the wind up the wet rock rift and the ominous croak of the watching raven will still be there."

WHEN A LOCKHEED STARFIRE UNLEASHES ITS ROCKETS

A New Series of Pictures Showing the Combat Aircraft When it is Electronically Locked on its Target and Firing its 2·75 Projectiles

FLYING HIGH OVER THE AREA EAST OF BURBANK, CALIFORNIA, THE LOCKHEED STARFIRE GOES INTO ACTION : The Starfire packs two dozen 2·75-in. rockets in its nose and can carry more in the wing pods. The top picture shows the flash of fire and smoke pouring back over the Starfire at the instant the rockets leave the firing tubes. The centre picture, recorded a split second after the first, shows the rockets streaking far in front of the plane, and the third picture shows the Starfire in the stream of billowing smoke. The missiles have by now roared straight on to the target and right out of the picture. The series of photographs was taken by an escorting photographic reconnaissance plane of the same type as that seen in the foreground. The Starfire, carrying a pilot and radar operator, flies almost wholly automatically in pursuing and attacking the enemy. Observers at powerful ground radar sets talk the pilot into his target, giving bearings, angles and ranges in a constant stream, and when the range has been closed the plane's own radar takes over to complete the task. Once on target the Starfire electronically locks on to its prey, tracks it, closes distance at 600 m.p.h. or more, takes aim and fires. In war-time it would be used to intercept enemy bombers

THE TASK OF RESTORATION IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

Work Goes Ahead on the Bredon Tithe Barn; Richmond's Almshouses are Restored; the Re-dedication of St. George's, Southwark; and an Old Edmonton House Which May Soon Pass to the Civil Defence Forces

THE SCENE INSIDE THE BREDON TITHE BARN, NEAR TEWKESBURY, AS THE TASK OF RESTORATION NEARS COMPLETION: Since the end of July, when the last pictures of the work on the tithe barn appeared in "The Sphere," much progress has been made on the building, and especially the roof. The latter has now been almost re-covered with the original stone Cotswold tiles which have been repegged with oak pegs and replaced on new timbers. The work of restoration, with Mr. David Nye the architect in charge, is being carried out by a London firm, while the timber work is in the hands of a local firm. The fourteenth-century tithe barn, reputed to be the finest of its kind in the country, was acquired by the National Trust in December 1951. Prior to that it was the property of Mr. George S. Cottrell, who gave it to the nation. The Pilgrim Trust is now helping to meet the cost of the barn's upkeep.

AN EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BREDON TITHE BARN, SHOWING THE STATE OF THE ROOF AT THE END OF OCTOBER: One of the original features of the barn was a chamber, possibly for the clerk charged with collecting the tithes, built over one of the porches. The work on the barn is costing £6,525.

THE BISHOP DUPPA'S ALMSHOUSES IN THE VINEYARD, RICHMOND, SURREY, ARE RESTORED TO THEIR PRE-WAR SPLENDOUR: Three houses of the block of buildings were destroyed by a bomb in 1940 and the work of repairing them has now been completed. The residents of the houses, who have been living temporarily in other almshouses, while their own were improved and modernised, have now made arrangements for their return to the completed buildings at the corner of The Hermitage. The end of the restoration work, which has been carried out by Messrs. G. E. Snell and Son, of Twickenham, marks a further stage of progress in the post-war development plans of the Richmond Charities Trustees.

"LITTLE DORRIT'S" CHURCH IN SOUTHWARK, SOUTH-EAST LONDON, IS RE-DEDICATED AFTER EXTENSIVE RESTORATION: A view looking eastward towards the high altar of the Church of St. George-the-Martyr, where extensive repairs have been made following wartime damage. It was at St. George's that Charles Dickens's heroine was christened after her birth in the Marshalsea Prison, which was then beside the churchyard; it was there that she slept in the vestry with Maggy, her protégée, on the night they were locked out of the prison, and it was there that she was married to Arthur Clennam. The first known record of the Parish of St. George is dated 1122, when Thomas de Ardern and his son gave to the monks of Bermondsey the Church of "St. George in Southwark," which gift was confirmed by King Henry I. Major repairs were made to the old church at various times until in 1733 the parishioners applied to Parliament and obtained an Act giving them permission to have a new church erected. The new building was completed in 1736, but within seventy-five years the church had to be repaired at a cost of £9,000. St. George's was again restored in 1939, and this work undoubtedly helped the fabric to withstand the terrific shaking caused by the bombing. During the recent work the church has been re-roofed, the galleries repaired, and new windows and doors fitted to replace those destroyed by bombing.

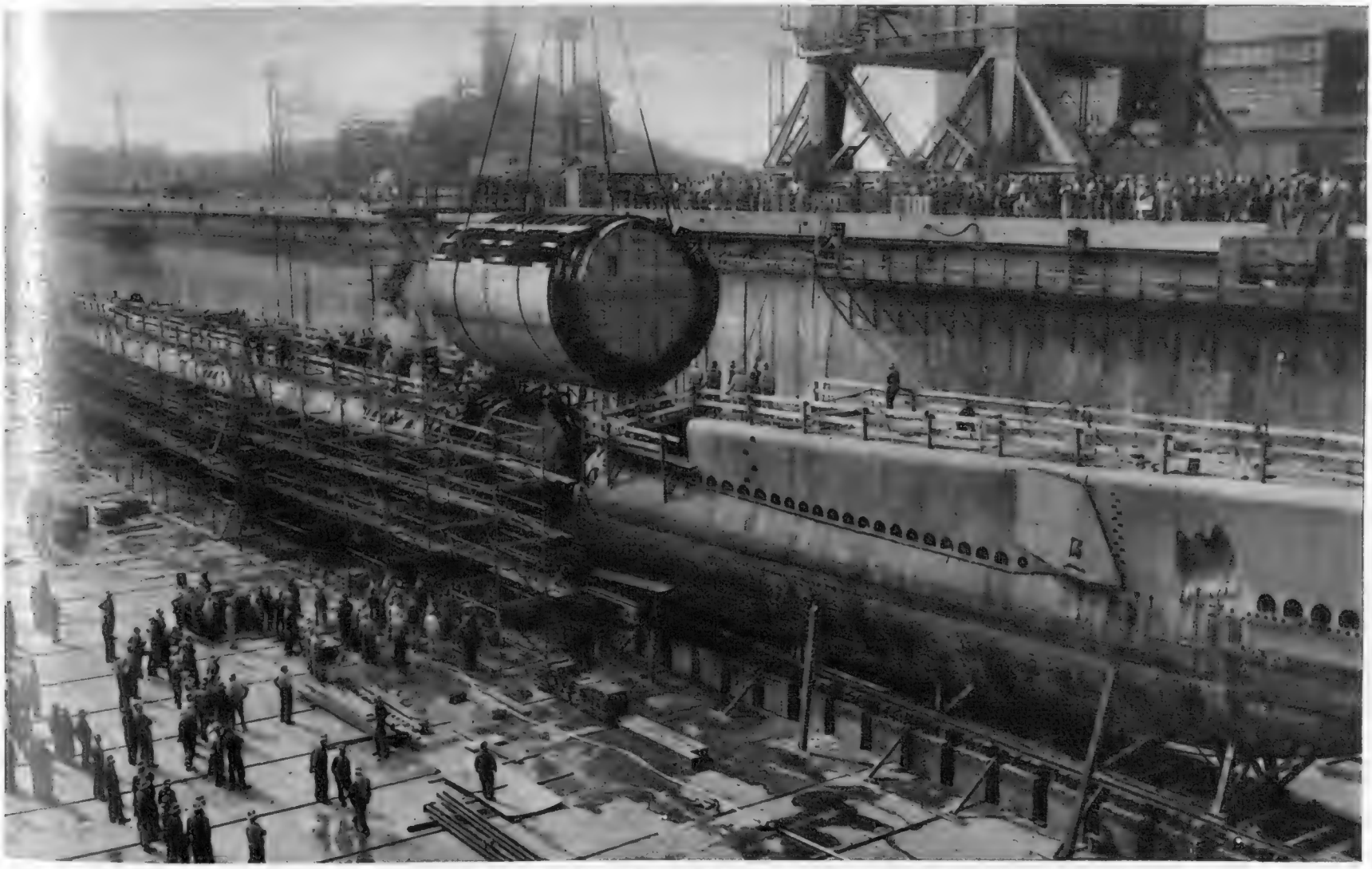
THIS NORTH LONDON HOUSE, ONCE SURROUNDED BY A MOAT, MAY BECOME A CIVIL DEFENCE HOME: Edmonton Council is seeking permission from Middlesex County Council and the Home Office to use Salisbury House, in Bury Street, Edmonton, London, N., once the home of Judge Jeffreys, for Civil Defence training purposes. The three-storied, partly-timbered, gabled building dates back to the Jacobean period, though its foundations are considerably older. Six years ago a proposal that the house should be turned into a museum was turned down for financial reasons. During the war years it was used as an A.R.P. headquarters.

AFTER A HOLD-UP DUE TO BAD WEATHER THE GIANT CUNARD WHITE STAR LINER ENTERS THE GRAVING DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON: When the work on the *Queen Mary* is completed the *Queen Elizabeth* will be temporarily withdrawn from service, and she, too, will undergo her annual refit.

THE "QUEEN MARY" COMES IN FOR A REFIT

In all, the *Queen Mary* will be off the Atlantic route for seven weeks while she undergoes her annual overhaul, this including twenty-six days in dry dock and the remainder in wet berth, probably in the New Docks at Southampton. About 2,000 workmen, representing a wide range of trades, are carrying out the overhaul. From the floor of the dry dock, surveyors and technicians will inspect the entire hull. Tackle will be assembled for the removal of the four 32-ton propellers, and the 140-ton rudder will be inspected internally. The three 16-ton anchors and their 330 fathoms of chain cable, each link in which weighs 2 cwt., will be scaled and painted. Seven tons of anti-corrosive and anti-fouling paint will be put on the underwater parts of the hull, and more than a ton of paint will be applied to the superstructure. Within the ship the machinery will be overhauled and public rooms and cabins given a thorough spring clean.

PUTTING 30 FT. on a SUBMARINE



LENGTHENING THE 311-FT. AMERICAN SUBMARINE "RATON" BY THE INSERTION OF A 30-FT. PREFABRICATED SECTION: This picture shows the new section being lowered into place just forward of the conning tower, after the two ends of the submarine, which had been cut in two, were drawn apart. It is said that a saving of about 9,000,000 dollars is effected by the conversion of a fleet-type submarine in this way, as compared to the cost of an entirely new vessel.

The U.S.S. *Raton*, which was launched in August 1942, will when converted join the fleet as a radar picket boat, of the type which operate well in front of a fleet or task group to give early warning of the approach of enemy surface- or air-craft. The new section which has been added to the vessel is designed to contain the extra electronic equipment necessary for her new work, and is not expected to make any important difference to the speed or handling characteristics of the ship. The entire section was prefabricated in the shops of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, where four other submarines have undergone conversion.

The U.S.S. *Raton* performed seven war patrols during the last war, sinking three men-of-war and nineteen merchant ships. She is also credited with damaging two men-of-war and five merchant ships. On her fourth patrol her crew captured twenty Japanese prisoners-of-war.

ACT I, SCENE I, IN THE DRAMA OF THE ROYAL FILM PERFORMANCE: The crowd, equipped with periscopes, assembles outside the Empire Cinema, Leicester Square, to see the arrival of members of the Royal family and the stars. The film chosen for presentation was *Because You're Mine*, a Hollywood musical starring Mario Lanza, in which the hero is a famous and arrogant opera singer who has been projected into the United States Army. The mixture is very much as before, and many of the critics found it hard to decide why such a film should have been singled out for special distinction.

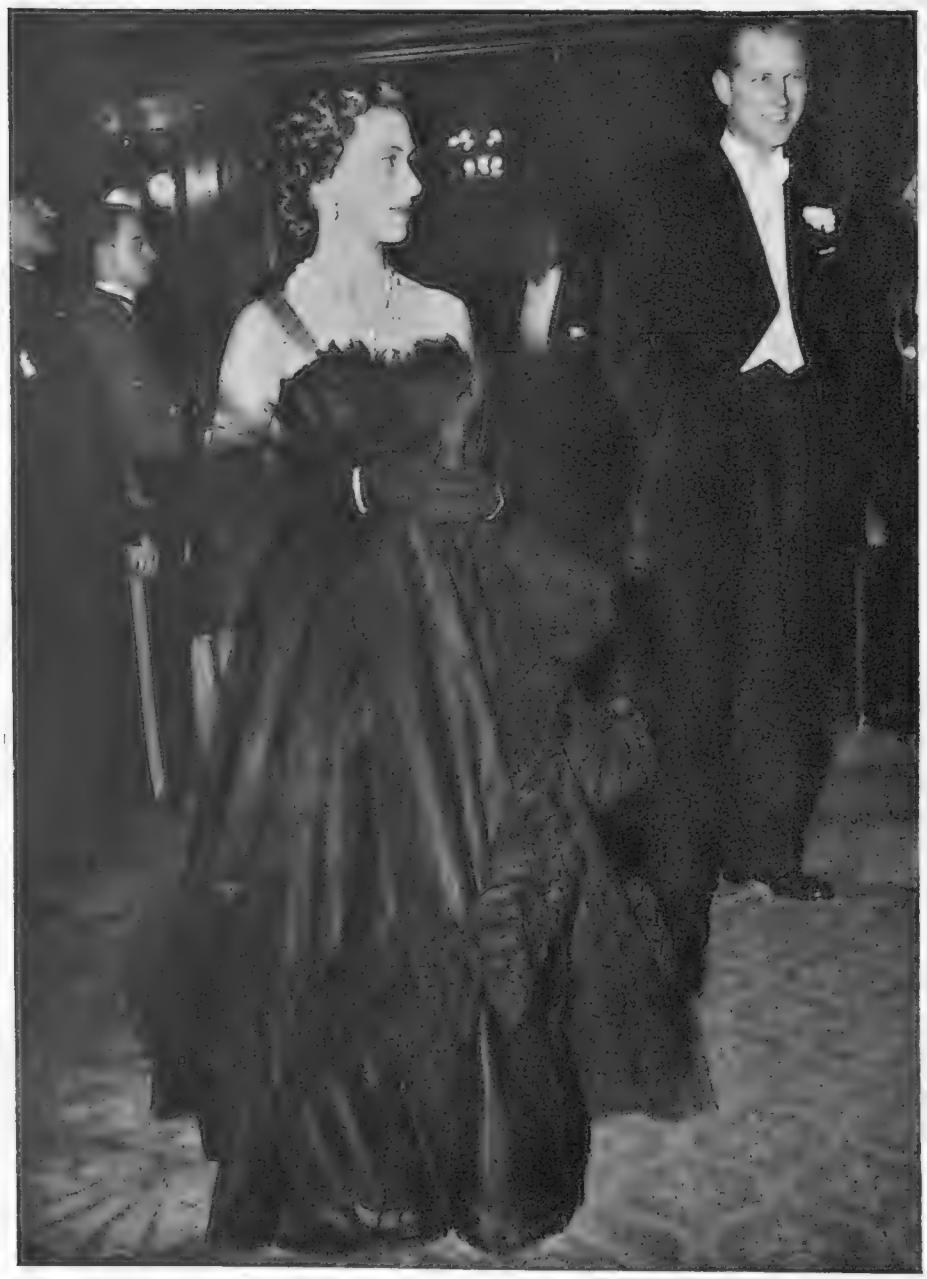
THE CROWDS PRESS FORWARD TO OBTAIN A BETTER VIEW AS CHARLIE CHAPLIN ARRIVES FOR THE ROYAL FILM SHOW: During the evening Mr. Chaplin, who was accompanied by his wife, was presented to the Queen for the first time. Mr. Chaplin took part in the stage performance following the film. The evening realised about £30,000 for the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund.

What Goes on at

A FILM FIRST NIGHT

CROWDS THRONG LEICESTER SQUARE TO SEE THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE STARS; THE QUEEN MEETS MR. CHAPLIN AND OTHER PERSONALITIES IN THE FILM WORLD

Several hundred police on foot and horseback, wildly exuberant crowds, elaborately decked stars, a radiant Royal family, a great deal of mink, a mass of flowers, and a film not exactly suitable for the occasion marked the seventh Annual Royal Film Performance given at the Empire, Leicester Square, in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund. The film in question was *Because You're Mine*, starring Mario Lanza, that talented American singer of Italian origin, who scored such a success in *The Great Caruso*, promptly increased his weight to 18 stone, and has since suffered suspension by his studio. It was not the film, but the guests who made the show, however, and the emergence of the Queen from her car and her departure later in the evening produced the greatest volume of cheering. Crowds began to gather outside the cinema four hours before the performance, and crush barriers and police were needed to hold them back when the stars were arriving on the scene. Mounted police had to clear the pavement.



THE ROYAL GUESTS ARRIVE AT THE EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE: *Left*—Princess Margaret in a gown of black tulle and wearing a turquoise necklace. The Duke of Edinburgh was in white tie and tails. *Right*—The Queen in a magpie dress with halter neck, a radiant figure wearing a diamond tiara, and ear-rings and bracelet in diamonds. The front panel of the dress was in white satin and the rear panel in black faille. The design has started a new fashion, having aroused much admiring comment.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN IS PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN : Mr. Chaplin said after the presentation : "Her Majesty was most gracious. She asked how the children were faring on our tour and whether the new film was doing well." Mrs. Chaplin is seen standing at her husband's left hand. The Queen also talked with most of the other stars. They included Yvonne de Carlo, Helen Cherry, Anne Crawford, Kirk Douglas, Douglas Fairbanks and Gene Kelly. Since this premiere, Mr. Chaplin has gone on to Paris for the presentation of *Limelight*.

STAGE AND FILM STARS TAKE THEIR CURTAIN CALL AT THE END OF THE STAGE SHOW WITH WHICH THE ROYAL FILM PERFORMANCE WAS CONCLUDED: In the front row are, left to right: Jack Hawkins, Margaret Lockwood, Rock Hudson, Peggy Cummins, Douglas Fairbanks, Patrice Munsel, Charlie Chaplin, John Mills, Sir Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh and Tamara Toumanova. The last named gave a ballet performance.

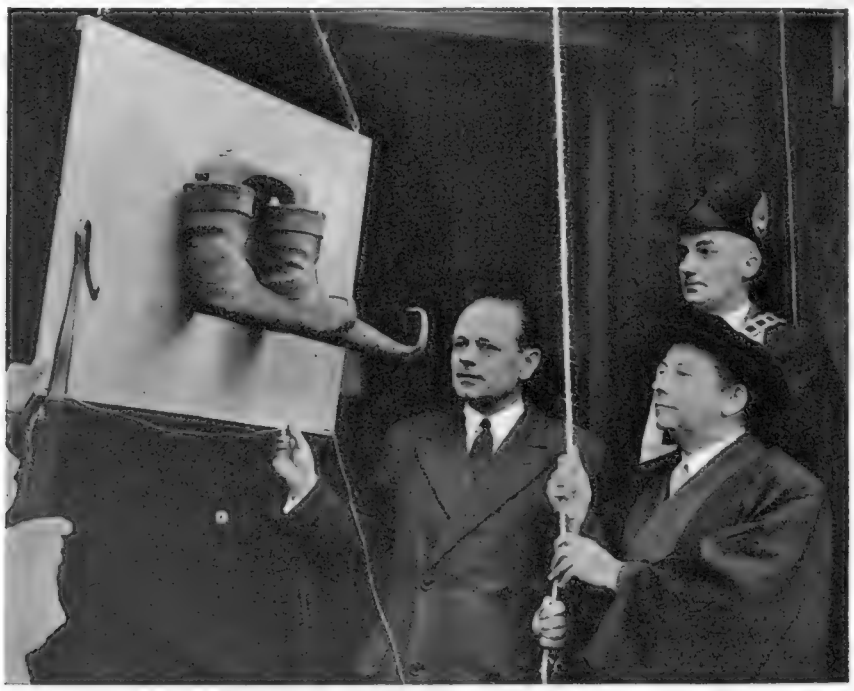
On right—

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE FLOWER-BEDECKED ROYAL BOX ARRANGED ON THE BALCONY OF THE CINEMA : Many members of the audience almost had to fight their way to their seats on this memorable occasion. There were 3,500 people present in the Empire Cinema and there were about 40,000 people outside in order to see the guests arrive.

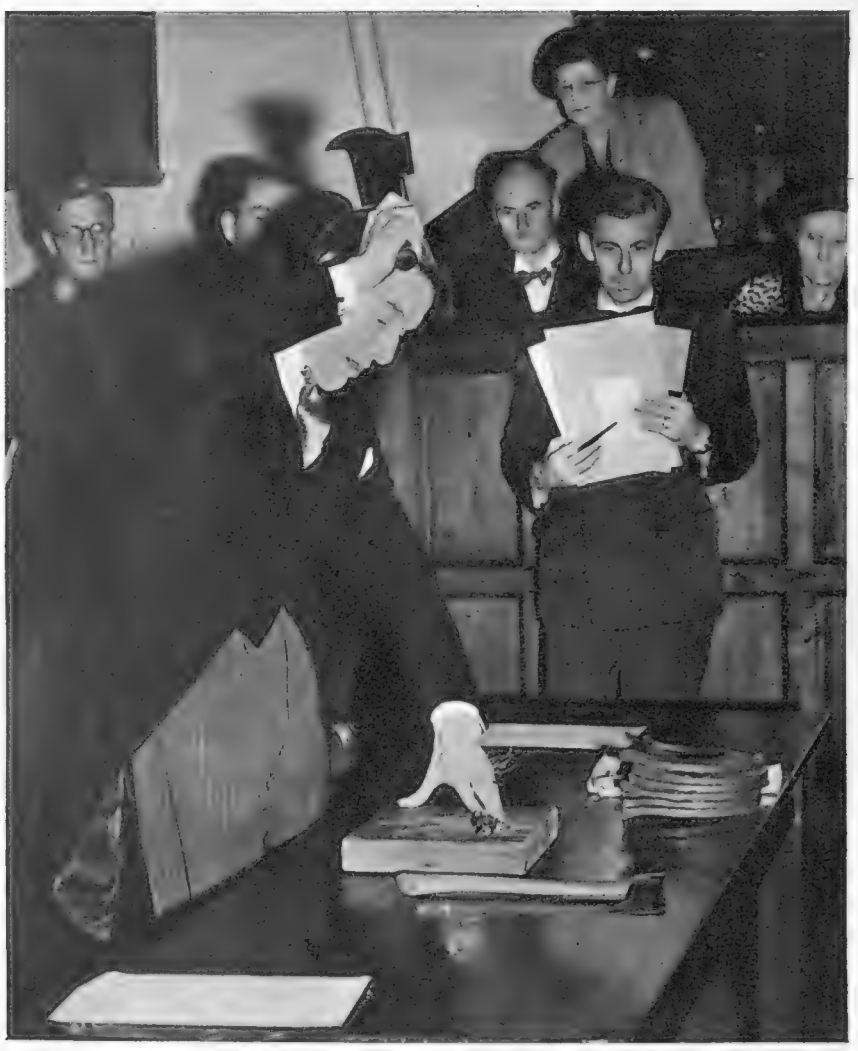
THE GUESTS ARRIVE : *Left*—Hollywood actress Yvonne de Carlo, who was received with a roar of approval by the crowd. Her striking resemblance to Margaret Lockwood was duly noted and a few people may have mistaken her for the English star. *Centre*—John Mills, Vivien Leigh, Sir Laurence Olivier (with a new crew-cut hair-cut) and Mrs. Mills. *Right*—The Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen and Princess Margaret at the moment of their arrival when crowds surged round their car.

THE SHOEMAKERS' DAY IN BERMONDSEY

A Traditional Ceremony on the Eve of St. Crispin's Day is Revived in South-east London; Paying the Quit Rents at the Law Courts; Verifying the Standards of Length in Trafalgar Square



CELEBRATING THE FEAST OF ST. CRISPIN, THE PATRON SAINT OF SHOEMAKERS: Officials of the Guild of Cordwainers prepare to hoist a pair of pattens, similar to those made by St. Crispin, to the top of the tower at Christ Church, Jamaica Road, Bermondsey, London, S.E., on the eve of SS. Crispin and Crispinian day. The three officials seen in this picture are Mr. J. B. Steadman, President of the Guild of Cordwainers; Mr. S. J. Durston, the Master Cordwainer, and in the rear, Mr. F. J. Stratton, Chairman of the Footwear Distributors. On the left is the pastoral staff of the Bishop of Southwark, Dr. Bertram Simpson, who blessed the shoes during the service. Before the service, members of the Court of Guild, representatives of the shoemaking industry and the Mayor of Bermondsey (Councillor Mrs. A. M. Hatcher) went in procession through the pouring rain from the near by parish hall of St. Crispin's Church to Christ Church, Jamaica Road, where they were met by the Bishop and the parish priest, the Rev. J. Bliss. Then followed the service during which the ceremony of hoisting the shoes was revived by the Cordwainers. St. Crispin was a Roman shoemaker who was martyred for his faith as a Christian in c. 286. Acccording to tradition, he travelled with his brother, St. Crispinian, to Gaul, as a missionary of Christianity.



THE ANNUAL CEREMONY OF THE RENDERING OF QUIT RENTS TO THE CROWN—A 700-YEAR-OLD CUSTOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON CORPORATION—IS ENACTED AT THE LAW COURTS: The rents are in respect of a piece of waste ground called the Moors, in Shropshire, and a tenement called The Forge, the site of which is situated outside St. Clement Danes' Church in the Strand, and close to Australia House. In this picture the City Solicitor, Mr. Desmond Heap, is seen chopping two faggots with a billhook and a hatchet before handing them over to the Senior Master and King's Remembrancer, Mr. F. S. A. Baker, on behalf of the Moors; for the Forge he counted out six horseshoes and sixty-one nails. The same six horseshoes and nails have been used in this ceremony for over six centuries, while a new hatchet and billhook are presented by the City Corporation every year.

THE PATTENS ARE RAISED TO THE TOP OF THE TOWER AT CHRIST CHURCH: Grouped outside the west door of the church, where the service was conducted, were the choir, headed by a processional cross, members of the congregation and other clergymen from near-by parishes.

BOARD OF TRADE OFFICIALS VERIFY THE STANDARD MEASUREMENTS ON THE NORTH PARAPET OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE: This was the scene as members of the Standards Department of the Board of Trade carried out the first check for twenty years on the standards of length displayed in the Square. On the ground are the measurements of 100 ft., 66 ft. (one chain) and one rod, pole or perch (16½ ft.), while those displayed on a bronze plaque set in the wall are the measurements of 1 yard, 2 ft. and 1 ft. In charge of the operation was Mr. T. G. Poppy, Controller of the Standards Department, who took part in the last verification in the early '30's. There was no check in 1942 because of the war. The only faults discovered by the examiners in the recent verification were well within the tenth of an inch allowed for the 100 ft., chain and rod, pole or perch, and the one-hundredth of an inch variation permitted for the yard, 2 ft. and 1 ft. The Trafalgar Square mural standards of length were laid down in 1876.

WHITE HEAT *Before the* WHITE HOUSE

How Eisenhower and Stevenson Battled Out the Last Days of Their Campaign

Few newspapers failed to allude to the savage intensity of the American election campaign as it entered on the final week, and most of them seemed to think that the struggle for the White House was fought at a white heat never before surpassed. They may have been right, for neither T.V. nor the aeroplane has made campaigning less intense. They have just made it possible for the candidates to cram more personal appearances into each twenty-four hours before the poll. As the last week before the election started both candidates were finishing off their campaigns in the populous States of the north-eastern seaboard, and both seemed to think that the electoral votes of New York State would prove decisive one way or the other. This foraging for votes in the rich electoral regions of the East followed the long-drawn-out struggle in the Mid-West, the Mountain States, down the Pacific Coast and—for the first time since the Civil War—in the deep South, usually the solid Democratic south. In the final phase, Eisenhower swung up through New England as far as Manchester, N.H., across Central New York State and into Michigan. Stevenson drove in the reverse direction—from Springfield up to Chicago, across Indiana, Ohio and New York into Boston. "All week long, periods rolled, phrases rang and charges exploded," as the *New York Times* so succinctly put it. For once the pollsters were silent, or more or less so. They remembered the last time, when they plumped for Dewey and the people voted for Truman. As polling day loomed up it looked indeed like anybody's fight, with somewhere near half the nation ready to acclaim PRESIDENT STEVENSON and somewhere near half ready to acclaim PRESIDENT EISENHOWER.

ADLAI STEVENSON TAKES BREAKFAST WITH MRS. ROOSEVELT: The Democratic candidate seen with the wife of the former President at her home in East Park, New York. Later the same day he placed a wreath on the grave of Franklin Roosevelt at Hyde Park, New York. At this stage Stevenson was beginning his final days of campaigning in a whirlwind tour of New York State, thought to be the key State.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN SETS OUT ON ANOTHER WHISTLE-STOP TOUR, THE LAST IN HIS ALL-OUT CAMPAIGN ON BEHALF OF STEVENSON: Looking relaxed and confident, Mr. Truman arrived at Washington Station after White House talks over the impending coal strike. During the campaign Mr. Truman's whistle-stop technique was fully demonstrated.

THE CAMPAIGNERS NEAR THE END OF THE LONG ROAD: *Left*—Governor Stevenson wraps up against the cold in Bay Street, Fall River, Mass., after making a campaign speech in this city. *Right*—Mr. Eisenhower flashes a smile to supporters during a visit to Columbia University. He was enjoying a box lunch before watching the Columbia-Army football game.

THEY WERE DUE TO BE IN PHILADELPHIA IN THE MORNING: Mr. Eisenhower, his wife Mamie, and his daughter-in-law Mrs. John Eisenhower pause for a smile and a wave from the observation car of their train when leaving the Pennsylvania Station, New York. His final tour was aimed at the big-vote states of the East, Pennsylvania and New York.

A SCOTTISH DIVISION'S REUNION DINNER

VICE-ADMIRAL THE MACINTOSH OF MACINTOSH (LEFT) AND MAJOR-GENERAL D. N. WIMBERLEY ARE PIPED IN TO DINNER AT THE 51ST (HIGHLAND) DIVISION REUNION DINNER: The reunion was held at the Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire, and was the thirty-seventh in the series. Vice-Admiral the Macintosh of Macintosh, the twenty-ninth chief of his clan, proposing the main toast at the dinner, said that tradition ran through the 51st's history like a golden thread. "The fame and tradition of your division," he told the 200 members who had travelled from all parts of the country to attend the dinner, "is an enduring legend. It was built up during the First World War, but it was, of course, based on the much older and magnificent tradition of the Highland regiments and other units of the division." As in former years, the dinner had all the colour and pageantry associated with it. During the courses, music was provided by four pipers of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Major-General D. N. Wimberley was in the chair.

COLONEL GEDDES (LEFT) AND BRIGADIER THE EARL OF CAITHNESS AT THE 51ST DIVISION'S REUNION DINNER: The Earl of Caithness, C.B.E., D.S.O., is Chief of the Clan Sinclair.

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR COLIN M. BARBER, G.O.C.-IN-C. SCOTTISH COMMAND (LEFT), ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL GUESTS, IN CONVERSATION WITH VICE-ADMIRAL THE MACINTOSH OF MACINTOSH: During the evening a telegram from the Queen, in reply to a message sent earlier in the day, was read by Major-General Wimberley, the Chairman.

APERITIFS BEFORE THE REUNION DINNER: Major N. Gillanders, R.A. (left), talks with Captain and Mrs. W. Yellowlees.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

MAINLY FROM NORTH OF THE BORDER

A Reunion Dinner in Perthshire, a Scottish Dam Under Construction, the Cambridgeshire Stakes, the Scarborough Lifeboat and other Recent Pictures of Events in Britain

THE UPPER GLENDEVON DAM, PERTHSHIRE, WHICH WILL HOLD IN STORAGE 1,200,000,000 GALLONS OF WATER: The River Devon, seen in the foreground, is carried by a flume over the 40-ft.-deep cut-off trench at the base of the dam. Some idea of the massive proportions of the dam may be gauged by the relative size of the men seen working on it. The water will be held in reserve for the Frandy Reservoir, which is two miles down-stream, and it will go to meet the district's ever-increasing need of water caused by the new towns and industries that are springing up in Perthshire. After almost two years' work, all the machinery has been installed and now only seventy men will be needed to build the mass gravity dam. Due to be finished some time in 1954, the dam will be 1,200 ft. long, 150 ft. high, and a total of 250,000 tons of cement will have been used. The upper Glendevon dam and reservoir is being built for the Fife County Council.

DOOMED TO BE ENGULFED WHEN THE GLENDEVON DAM BEGINS TO FUNCTION: This shepherd's cottage and croft, situated above the tumbling River Devon, in Perthshire, will be inundated when the dam comes into operation.

AGAIN A THREE-YEAR-OLD TRIUMPHS IN THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES : With the autumn sunshine casting long shadows over the Newmarket course, Richer (No. 21 and nearest the camera), owned by Mr. Greville Bayliss and ridden by K. Gethin, scored a decisive two-lengths victory over Sunny Brae, which was second, with Garrison Hack a short head further away in third place. There was certainly no fluke about Richer's success. From the time that Gethin went into the lead just after passing the Bushes, Richer always looked to be going best of those on the Stand's side, and won by a clear margin. Richer was bought at the Newmarket Sales for 1,500 guineas.

A SECTION OF THE BAILEY BRIDGE BUILT ACROSS THE THAMES FOR THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN IS REMOVED : The work seen in progress in this picture is on the part of the bridge spanning the Victoria Embankment. The task of dismantling the bridge will take about seven months to complete.

This year's Cambridgeshire, run at Newmarket last week, was certainly a young man's race. Mr. Bayliss, owner of Richer, the winner, is still in his early thirties, and has been an owner for only a short time. Ingham, the trainer of the winner, has been so employed only since he came out of the Army at the end of the war, and it is the first big race success for Richer's breeder, Dr. David Hely-Hutchinson, who bought the Orchardstown Stud in Ireland after the war, and started with two brood mares. Richer is the type of horse which usually wins a Cambridgeshire. He is a three-year-old colt and had been trained with the race in view since the early summer. Richer carried 8 st., which is about the average weight of past winners of the race. A late rumour that all was not well with the colt carried the price out from 100 to 9 to 100 to 6, but that anything was wrong was emphatically denied by both owner and trainer before the start of the race.

WHISKY GALORE!—A VIEW OF THE NEW WHISKY WAREHOUSE AT SOUTH QUEENSFERRY, EDINBURGH, CAPABLE OF HOLDING UP TO 1,000,000 GALLONS OF SPIRIT : The buildings, seen in this picture, replace those destroyed by fire in 1949. As well as blending and bottling the whisky, the new plant will carry out the processes of case-making and cooperage. Speaking at the opening ceremony, Lord Rosebery said that it is vital to South Queensferry that the burnt buildings should have been rebuilt.

THE SCARBOROUGH LIFEBOAT IS CALLED TO THE ASSISTANCE OF FISHING-BOATS : The fishing-boat Betty is seen in this picture escorted into the harbour by the Scarborough lifeboat E.C.J.R. As the fishing-boat was about to enter the harbour she was caught broadside on by a heavy wave and almost swamped. The engine was kept running, however, and although full of water, the boat and her three occupants were safely escorted in by the lifeboat. Experienced fishermen said that conditions at the harbour mouth had seldom been worse, and boats lay outside the harbour for some considerable time before they could attempt an entry in safety.

MR. CHURCHILL SPEAKS AFTER UNVEILING A COMMEMORATIVE PANEL WHICH IS TO BEAR THE NAMES OF CHAIRMEN OF THE PARLIAMENTARY PRESS GALLERY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS : Seated on the left is Mr. Attlee, leader of the Opposition; in the centre is Mr. J. Hawke, the present Chairman, and on the right are Mr. David Eccles, Minister of Works, and Mr. Clement Davies. Mr. Hawke, introducing the Prime Minister, said Mr. Churchill was a great Parliamentarian who had provided the newspapers with more and better copy than any other public speaker of his time. The new oak panel, which continues from the older panel given by the late Sir Emsley Carr and which was unveiled by Stanley Baldwin in 1927, is a gift from the proprietors of the Press Association, Reuters, the *Daily Telegraph* and *The Times*. Room is provided to perpetuate the names of seventy more chairmen, beginning with Mr. Hugh McMichael, of the *Scotsman*, who filled the office in 1951.

DRIFTERS, YACHTS AND SPRITSAIL BARGES

The Herring Drifters Return to Lowestoft with Record Catches; the Yachts of Two International Enthusiasts; and One of the Last Thames Estuary Spritsail Barges

LANDING THE LARGEST-EVER CATCH OF HERRING FROM THE LOWESTOFT DRIFTER "LORD HOOD": The trawler put into Lowestoft, Suffolk, with the record catch of 313½ crans (about 313,000 herrings), beating the previous record set up last year by 10 crans. Most of the catch was sold to factories for reducing to meal and oil at a price of £800. The hauling, done by hand, took over seventeen hours, and the *Lord Hood* was so low in the water that she could make no more than 2 knots an hour.

THE "LORD HOOD," WEIGHED DOWN WITH HER RECORD CATCH, ARRIVES BACK AT LOWESTOFT: Heavy seas were encountered during the return voyage to the harbour, and on one occasion a wave crashed over the vessel, carrying away a hatch.

THE FIRST CLYDE-BUILT ALUMINIUM ALLOY YACHT TAKES THE WATER—MR. NOEL REDFERN'S 15-TON AUXILIARY CUTTER "COIMBRA" PREPARES FOR A 10,000-MILE VOYAGE THAT WILL TAKE HER INTO THE MEDITERRANEAN AND TWICE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC BEFORE SHE REACHES HER HOME PORT OF PORT ELIZABETH: This picture of the *Coimbra* was taken after her mid-October launching from the Gourock yard of Hugh M'Lean and Sons, Ltd. The 40-ft. yacht has a cruising range of 1,000 miles under power, and has been designed to demonstrate the durability, lightness, manœuvrability and low maintenance costs which are claimed for an aluminium alloy hull against the conventional or mahogany hulls. Her ballast keel of 5 tons and deep body give her plenty of power for sail carrying. She is cutter-rigged and, in keeping with modern ocean-racing practice, carries a small mainsail and an extensive wardrobe of headsails. In all she carries ten sails and sets well on for 1,000 sq. ft. of canvas. *Coimbra*, designed by Laurent Giles and Partners, Ltd., embodies the use of reverse sheer on deck which gives greatly improved accommodation. Mr. Redfern's crew consists of five South African yachtsmen and a Greenock accountant who is emigrating to South Africa. Before reaching Port Elizabeth next March the *Coimbra* will sail into the Mediterranean, then back into the Atlantic and across to South America, where a stop will be made before the return voyage to Africa.

MAX AITKEN SAILS THE OCTOBER SEAS: The 50-ton steel staysail schooner seen during a late October run in the Solent, when Mr. Aitken (*inset on left*) was accompanied by twelve members of the Island Sailing Club. One of the guests was Mr. Uffa Fox, THE SPHERE'S yachting correspondent. Mr. Aitken keeps his yacht in commission until the end of "summer time," as he believes that the weather in October is often better than in August. *Lumberjack*, a powerful boat capable of sailing round the world, was built in Holland in 1935 by de Vries Lentsch, Jnr. She has an auxiliary engine which drives her at about 7 knots; and she carries 1,000 gallons of water and 150 gallons of Diesel oil. *Lumberjack's* normal sail area is 2,400 sq. ft., but in the picture seen above, she is carrying over 3,000 sq. ft. and travelling at a speed of about 10 knots. Mr. Aitken, who is Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club, hopes to take his month's holiday next summer sailing down the west coast of Spain. *Lumberjack* carries a paid crew of two, and can accommodate four guests. She is a much admired feature of the Solent.

LOWESTOFT BECOMES A HIVE OF ACTIVITY AS THE EAST COAST HERRING SEASON GETS UNDER WAY: A general view of drifters discharging herring at the fish quay. In the foreground a coaling barge is seen going alongside the drifter *Stepnus*, which in addition to unloading is also making ready to put back to sea. In the Humber fishing ports there is much speculation at the moment about the new floating trawl which has been introduced into England by Icelandic cod fishermen. This new development is used in conjunction with the "Fischlupe," and is said to be capable of bringing up a heavy catch of cod more swiftly and cheaply than has ever been possible.

CLEANING SHIP ON BOARD ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING THAMES SPRITSAIL BARGES: The *Arrow*, one of the fifty or so spritsail barges still in existence, is owned by the Thames Barge Sailing Club, an organisation comprised of enthusiasts whose aim is to preserve the craft from extinction. *On right*—The *Arrow* is seen on a sailing voyage in the Thames Estuary, the only part of the English coast ever frequented by the barges. In the last century thousands of these craft were employed in the Estuary carrying cargoes for the milling and quarrying enterprises, but soon after the advent of steam-driven craft and the closing of the Thames-side industries the craft began to disappear. The unique character of the barge lies in the speed with which its overhead gear can be handled while manœuvring in the neighbourhood of bridges, narrow creeks and overhanging warehouses. Although the design of the craft was modified in the nineteenth century as a result of the barge races started by Henry Dodd, the sprit, the design of which was "borrowed" from the Dutch in the time of Charles II, still retains its original usefulness. The sprit is the spar going diagonally from the foot of the mainmast across the mainsail; it is also the basis of the handy rig which enables quick lowering of the sail as the mast is lowered. The *Arrow*, the barge illustrated on this page, was built by Gill of Rochester in 1897 and has touched 14 knots in races.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

PLANNING A SKI-ING HOLIDAY

Austria, Germany, Norway, Sweden and Spain are European Countries which Offer Special Attractions to the Ski-ing Enthusiast

By GORDON COOPER

ANYONE who has ever experienced the magic spell of winter amidst a dazzling white fairyland of snow and sun must wish to return again and again. And, for the ski-er, no other sport is quite so enthralling, for it offers the surest passport to the exquisite thrill of being fully alive. Nor does age matter, subject, of course, to physical fitness. So, whether you be seven or seventy, I would suggest that a start can be made; and I would assure you that no other kind of holiday will bring such invigorating and rejuvenating effects, at a reasonable cost, as one spent at a winter sports centre.

But even for those who are not interested in sports, the winter resorts in many countries offer equally abundant attractions. Trails through the woods are kept clear of snow, sleighs provided with warm blankets are available for entrancing rides, and picturesque mountain railways lead up to sunny heights. So, if you merely desire rest and quiet in an enchanted mountain world, you may well find your wishes fulfilled at many of the places I am about to describe.

Having dealt in a previous article (October 11) with winter resorts in France, Italy and Switzerland, I now take you to the other main European winter sports countries of Austria, Germany, Norway, Sweden and Spain. To the British visitor, these are all "cheap" lands, so that on the existing travel allowance there is no reason why you should not have a full fortnight's holiday at a resort; and for a satisfactory ski-ing holiday any shorter period is not to be recommended.

AUSTRIA.—The popularity of this delightful country with British visitors continues unabated, and prices still remain on a bargain level. This is especially the case if a holiday is taken there during the off-season month of January. At this time, even the fashionable and delightful resort of Kitzbuehel offers specially reduced prices at its hotels. The all-in pension charge then ranges from 28s. a day in a first-class hotel to 18s. in a mountain hotel. There are also considerable reductions made in the costs of the cable railway, ski lifts and at the ski school. Your travel agent can arrange bookings and supply full information. There is hardly any need to stress the extremely pleasant and varied social life in this resort, with ski races, ice hockey matches, skating competitions, five o'clock teas, balls, Tyrolean evenings and sledge expeditions in the moonlight.

Naturally, in a place like Kitzbuehel one inevitably spends money on pleasant extras, but there are many other delectable spots in Austria where those who wish can enjoy cheaper ski-ing holidays. A couple of suggestions are Lech and Ober-Lech, in the Voralberg. To many people, indeed, the small centres offer the best fun, and the life there is much less sophisticated than in the fashionable resorts. This informality is best found, perhaps, by taking accommodation in some typical Gasthof. And for those who would like to join a small party, mostly composed of professional people, then I can recommend Erna Low (47, Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7). This lady travel agent also organises, for London residents, "Dry Ski-ing Classes," where you not only get your muscles into trim for ski-ing, but also have a chance of becoming acquainted with the other members of your party.

Another winter sports organisation which is most useful is the Austrian Alpine Club (U.K. Branch: 143, New Bond Street, London, W.1), and they also offer a regular service by air, at very reasonable rates, between London and Innsbruck.

GERMANY.—Having just returned from an exhaustive tour through Germany, I am amazed at the wonderful recovery that has taken place. In almost all the famous holiday areas conditions, in fact, are back to pre-war standards. Prices, generally, are most reasonable, all-in pension prices ranging from 15s. a day up. (For young people, the excellent youth hostels are, of course, cheaper still.) Tea and coffee are, however, extremely expensive, so take your own supplies; and this applies also to cigarettes (but not to cigars), which can best be purchased on board ship or in Holland. Then, not least in the appeal of a German winter sports holiday is the comfort of the journey there and back: by British Railways' excellent Harwich-Hook steamer service and by the comfortable and speedy trains of the German Railways. This is a trip I always enjoy.

Of the many winter sports districts in Germany, the Black Forest, the Bavarian Alps and the Harz Mountains are three which I can warmly recommend to British visitors. From Freiburg, that medieval "city in the woods," the various Black Forest resorts are within easy reach. Among the smaller places I can recommend are Altglashuetten, Bärental, Hinterzarten, Höchenschwand and Schoenwald.

Bavaria is not only the most mountainous area in Germany with the highest peaks, but it also has the largest number of mountain railways. Garmisch-Partenkirchen, its most famous winter resort, has adopted, like Kitzbuehel, specially reduced inclusive rates for holidays there. The daily prices range from 35s. in a first-class hotel to 15s. in a private house. There are also special arrangements for ski-ing courses, trips by cable-cars, etc. Arrangements for accommodation can be made through the Tourist Association at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, or through travel agents.

Berchtesgaden is another excellent Bavarian centre, while to the west of Garmisch-Partenkirchen, and within easy reach of Lindau, is Oberstorf, famous for its great ski jump. It is also an admirable spot for those who just wish to bask in a wind-sheltered valley where the winter sun has great strength.

Only brief mention can be made of the Harz Mountains, but this area carries my strong recommendation. Clausthal-Zellerfeld, St. Andreasberg and Braunlage are small resorts which offer ideal terrain for the ski-er.

GERMANY—ON THE BOB-RUN AT GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN: This luxury ski-ing resort is in the American Zone of Germany. It is easily reached and in great comfort via Harwich, the Hook and German Railways. Between the wars Garmisch was the scene of a Winter Olympiad.

NORWAY.—Provided you are a good sailor, then this Scandinavian land, the home of ski-ing, holds out many attractions for a winter sports holiday. (You can, of course, fly there instead of going by sea.) The ski-ing conditions are first class, the hotels good without being pretentious, and the prices as reasonable as any in Europe. A fortnight at most of the ski-ing centres is quite feasible.

Bulken, Voss, Mjolfjell and Geilo are all situated on the Bergen-Oslo Railway, and all provide excellent ski-ing conditions. Then, for those who like long-distance ski-ing Morgedal, in the Telemark, Eidsbugaren, lying in the heart of the famous Jotunheimen Mountains, and Lönsdal, just north of the Arctic Circle and the terminus of the railway, are my recommendations. At each of these places there are excellent hotels; and it is possible to go ski-ing for miles and miles in a straight line. It is a wonderful experience to feel absolutely alone in a vast white world of mountains.

SWEDEN.—Possibly due to lack of publicity, Sweden, though a perfect winter sports country, is almost unknown to British ski-ers. Her northern situation ensures good snow; her climate is crisp and dry; and her slopes ideal for ski-ing. Dalarna is one of the most interesting provinces, with a distinctive way of life and excellent ski-ing country. The main winter sports centre here is in the area around Lake Siljan, Rättvik being one of the largest resorts. Then, farther north, in the province of Jämtland, where the season lasts until May, is Åre, with a mountain railway, a ski lift and rinks for curling and skating. In Stockholm one of the favourite winter sports is ice-yachting, at which tremendous speeds may be attained. There are also several ski-tracks maintained in the neighbourhood of the capital. Cook's and the Swedish Travel Bureau (21, Coventry Street, London, W.1) are about the only travel agents who deal with Swedish winter sports.

SWEDEN—A SLEDGE-PARTY SETS OUT IN THE PROVINCE OF DALARNA: This is one of Sweden's most interesting provinces and provides some excellent ski-ing country. Sweden, though a perfect winter sports country, is practically unknown to British ski-ers, largely through lack of publicity.

SPAIN.—There are some fine winter sports resorts in this country, but the two which will most interest British visitors are La Molina and Nuria. They lie in the Catalan Pyrenees, not far from the French frontier, and they are quite easily reached. I have recently visited both these places and found the scenery delightful, the hotels comfortable and well-run. At each resort there are the usual sports facilities, such as ski lifts. The snow is generally good—confirm this before booking—and the season lasts well into April, and on the higher slopes even into June. Owing to the proximity of Barcelona, prior hotel booking is essential, and this is best done through a travel agent.

When winter comes...

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE SPATE OF NEW NOVELS

More Fiction for Autumn Reading, Including Some Thrillers in the First Rank

THE period of Mr. Dino Buzzati's novel, THE TARTAR STEPPE (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.), is indicated only by the fact that it is some time after the first telescope and before the first aeroplane, which gives the reader a few centuries leeway. Mr. Buzzati writes of a nameless region where mountains border a desert, and where a remote fort and its garrison wait year after year for the Tartan invasion which they are convinced is coming, and for the glory of death in battle. The translation by Mr. Stuart C. Hood is excellent and retains the oddness and originality of the story.

CHILDREN OF THE RAINBOW (Macmillan. 15s.) is only for those who really appreciate the humour and whimsy of the Irish, their extravagant sense of drama, and the fantastic forms their speech can take. For those, and I believe there are more of them than one would expect, Mr. Bryan MacMahon's novel will be sheer delight, with its tale of Madcap O'Neill, the town-crier Metal Belly, the gipsy woman Trouble-o'-the-World, and the romance of the "Prince of Cloone" and Shoon Lawlee. Even the names are a guide to the quality of this individual and imaginative book.

Miss Evelyn Jacks has written a sound first novel with MARY GARDIE (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), which deals with life in an English cathedral city and with the conflict between the commercial and the ecclesiastical interests, complicated by that ole debbul, human nature.

SUMMER OF ENCHANTMENT (Dent. 10s. 6d.) also has the country for its theme, but in a more light-hearted, not to say facetious mood. Mr. Lewis Wilshire writes about a family of recent riches who buy and restore an old house in Gloucestershire for the purpose of mixing with, and eventually becoming part of, the County. The characters here scarcely come to life, so rigorously are they fitted into their particular pigeon-holes, but there is a certain liveliness about the little tale, and especially about the mansion's five or six ghosts.

Mr. Walter Macken's new novel is of rural Ireland and its hero a good-tempered fellow who, nevertheless, finds himself perpetually in trouble through no deliberate fault of his own. THE BOGMAN (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is as Irish as the peat itself, and, consequently, has its contrasts of humour and pathos, whimsy and violence. It is decidedly a book for people who love or appreciate Irish ways and, less certainly, for people who appreciate the romantic approach.

SHALLOW WATERS (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.) is Miss Angela du Maurier's new novel, a story of a talented young actress who finds that she has to choose between her career on the stage and her equally promising career as a wife. Miss du Maurier manages to invest the problem with some fresh interest, and writes, as always, in a crisp and unpretentious style that has a great deal to recommend it.

THE MOZART FAMILY: This is one of the illustrations from Max Kenyon's *Mozart in Salzburg* (Putnam. 21s.), which he describes as a study and a guide. There has hitherto not been any book about Mozart's early family life in Salzburg, and the musical influences young Mozart encountered. Mr. Kenyon also shows what sort of place Salzburg was to live in in Mozart's time. The book is to be published on Monday.

ALL THAT SWAGGER (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.) is an Australian novel written nearly twenty years ago by Miles Franklin, and giving a wide-sweeping picture of a century of Australian development. The canvas is enormous, and the zest with which it is filled superb, for not only is this the tale of a vast continent being opened up and explored, but the story of generations of an Australian pioneer family, their loves, their progress and their setbacks. The style is often stiff and heavy, but the vitality of the writer's impulse breaks through again and again, and makes this a memorable novel.

Ira Morris has written THE CHICAGO STORY (Hart-Davis. 12s. 6d.), which again follows the pattern of a family history for fifty or sixty years and at the same times gives an impression of the changes in their country and in their business during that time. The hero is a forceful fellow who arrives in the United States as a German immigrant and builds up a big meat-packing company. His energy and often his ruthlessness build his fortune, but through his children's and grandchildren's handling this declines, and at the old man's death control has passed out of the family. I had the feeling that the author admired this tough old character more than any reader can be expected to.

Mr. Aldous Huxley writes of a strange case of mass "possession" which rocked the Church and the State, since it involved Cardinal Richelieu himself, in the first half of the seventeenth century. THE DEVILS OF LOUDUN (Chatto and Windus. 18s.) cannot be described as easy-going and its details are often horrifying, but the persevering reader will find it fascinating and alive with the evidence of the author's phenomenal learning.

SAMUEL AND ELIZABETH (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is concerned with one of the most famous of all Samuels and of his wife, "poor wretch." Mr. Alan Ivimey writes with considerable charm and as much lustiness as is polite of the married life of the Pepys couple, and of some of the exploits of the great diarist. A pleasant novel and with a background that seems authentic.

THE HEYBURN FAMILY (Constable. 12s. 6d.) is a sequel to an earlier story of Mr. Guy McCrone's, in which a wife adopts her husband's natural son and brings him up in affection, keeping her private sorrow to herself. In the present novel the boy has grown up to be a frail young man seeking health in the South of France. There he meets and loves a girl whom his relations find unsuitable and, to a man, they make it their business to change his mind for him, even leaving their Glasgow fastnesses for the purpose. This is an agreeable, if slight little story.

Nora Laing's thoughtful novel, THE SOUTH AFRICAN (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.), is set in a period before the 1914-18 war, but it deals with issues that are as vital to-day, and certainly more publicised. The principal character is a young man whose father has been English, his mother Cape Dutch. His own chief interest is in the discovery of medicinal herbs, and for this he travels widely among the Zulus and Basutos and comes to know many of them as friends. Because he has in himself a blend of the blood of two races that have been bitterly opposed, he feels more than most the need for composing old differences, and for fusing into a homogeneous society the British, the Boers and the natives, so that the term South African may fairly be applied. Nora Laing gives no answer to so vast a *rapprochement* that should not be impossible.

The thrillers that I have read this week are really good, and I am delighted to recommend them to you. First of all Ellery Queen's adventure story, THE KING IS DEAD (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), in which the writer (or writers) use a slightly Boys' Own Paper device of a mysterious island dictated to by a powerful monarch—in this case an industrialist and cartel head. There is a great deal of action however, a very neat "locked room" variation, and some smart work by the Queens, *père et fils*.

THE BLACK-EYED STRANGER (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.) is another for your list, and again I bring to your notice the work of Charlotte Armstrong, who can write a story that is both good detection, and genuinely thrilling as well. Lamentably few detective stories combine these two things nowadays, and it is worth making a note of such a book, and such a writer, when you find them. The setting of the present story is in New York for the main part, and I hope you will enjoy it as much as I did.

THE MOUNTAINS HAVE A SECRET (Heinemann 10s. 6d.) is a real story of detection, by which I mean that it is neither a "whodunit" nor a thriller, but the story of a detective applying himself to his job of detecting. The setting is the bush country in the Australian hinterland, and Mr. Arthur W. Upfield writes of it with a close knowledge and a real power of evocation. His detective, remembered from an earlier book, is that half-aborigine and fine policeman called Napoleon Bonaparte, and he tracks his criminals down quite literally, using all the aborigine's skill of sight and hearing to do it. I thoroughly enjoyed this novel both for the ingenuity of its construction and the real freshness of its atmosphere.

Among the Latest Publications

BEST STORIES FROM COLLIER'S (William Kimber. 15s.) *a selection from the American Magazine, contains an introduction and notes by Knox Burger, Collier's Fiction Editor.*

In **THE BALEARICS**, *Majorca, Minorca, Ibiza* (Robert Hale. 21s.) *Eric Whelpton gives a vivid and lively account of every aspect of islands in the Balearic group. There are many illustrations.*

In **BYWAYS IN LAKELAND** (Robert Hale. 18s.), *William Palmer conducts the reader through byways from Caldbeck, Jo Peel's country, to the grey old town of Kendal, in Westmorla J. Hardman has supplied 33 photographs to enrich the volume.*

FLEMING—DISCOVERER OF PENICILLIN (Andrew Dako 15s.), *by L. J. Ludovici, tells the story of the scientist in act and of his interest in art, in sport and in the life of the open air.*

PLANTS IN YOUR HOME (Arthur Barker. 12s. 6d.), *Violet Stevenson, deals authoritatively with plants, green and flower in the home.*

SPECTATOR HARVEST (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d *with a foreword by Wilson Harris, is a collection of recent arti and poems from that paper.*

TO-NIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT (Stanley Paul. 15s.) *tells the story of the Windmill Theatre, the home of Revudeville, a few yards from Piccadilly Circus. The story is told by Vivian Van Damm, with a foreword by Emile Littler, and there are 39 illustrations.*

THE OTHER PUCCINI

Two Biographies of the Celebrated Composer

GIACOMO PUCCINI died twenty-eight years ago, but the aura of adulation still surrounds his name, the pilgrims still flock to Torre de Lago, the fishing village that was the playground of his youth and early maturity, the last resting-place of his earthly remains. Of the man himself there have been few discerning assessments; for music-lovers have tended to react violently against any accounts of the more scandalous aspects of Puccini's life, preferring the smiling legend to the man of many faults and many virtues, the Puccini of intense feeling and fascinating personality whom Mascagni, Leoncavallo and Toscanini delighted to call friend, despite quarrels and misunderstandings. Now here are two biographers who have genuinely tackled the task of biography, although each in a very individual way. The more formal biography is George R. Marek's PUCCINI (Cassell. 21s.). This is a full-length portrait of the great composer. The picture that Marek draws is that of a man uncertain and constantly at war with himself, given to lachrymose melancholy and to love-affairs with his own artistic creations, a man with a chip on his shoulder, and that despite the world's acclaim. Marek has made use of many sources in this well-documented biography, whereas Dante del Fiorentino, author of IMMORTAL BOHEMIAN (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), has done no such thing. The author, Father Dante, lived and studied in Lucca, Puccini's home town, where his family was intimate with the Puccinis for three generations. Father Dante was himself Puccini's friend, counsellor and curate, and he knew the real Bohemians of Torre de Lago with whom the composer delighted to congregate. He shows us many sides of Puccini. The man who liked wild-fowling, pedalling a bicycle or driving a fast car (both furiously), and flirting with pretty girls, is much to the fore, also the man of many quarrels and fierce passions. But he shows us, too, the indefatigable artist, when the mood was upon him, who through nights and days of enthusiasm and misery, through endless anxieties and intolerable strains, drew from himself the music which, as George Marek says in his volume, "will remain immortal as long as romanticism remains an ingredient of the art we cherish." Both biographies have power and penetration, and both deserve to be widely read; as they surely will be.

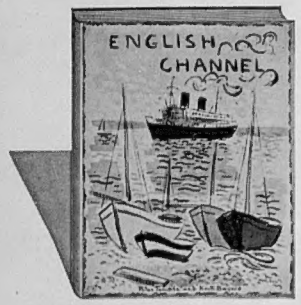
Simone de Beauvoir, a close associate of Jean Paul Sartre, undertook a four-months tour through the United States in 1948, lecturing on existentialism, travelling from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast and back. She crossed this great industrial country without visiting its factories, without seeing for herself its technical achievements, and without making contact with its working classes, nor did she mix among the great ones of the political firmament. But there was much that she did see and hear and understand, and this very observant traveller has set it all down in diary form in her book AMERICA DAY BY DAY (Duckworth. 21s.). Mlle de Beauvoir is quick to convey the atmosphere of each new place in a sentence or two; she wisely avoids assessments where she has not all the facts at her command, and she allows her story to develop naturally. Her account of a visit to a model prison is excellent, and this disarming young lady writes as easily and simply upon the debatable merits of electric chairs, guillotines and gas chambers as she does on child welfare or any other subject.

In the General Election of 1951 Mr. John Biggs-Davison tilted for the Tories in the lists at Coventry South, and in a stern contest emerged defeated, but with a handsome plurality of votes. He has since had time to turn his hand again to writing, and his latest book is TORY LIVES (Putnam. 15s.), an examination of some of those worthies, men like Lord Falkland (Charles I's last Secretary of State), Wyndham, country squire and politician, Burdett, so consistent and unfailing in his reforming zeal, and Disraeli, whom the Conservative Party looks upon as its heroes, rather as American Republicans hark back to Lincoln and the Democrats to Jefferson. Mr. Biggs-Davison's essays on these folk are quite admirable, but he cannot resist in the closing pages, when he has finally disposed of the immortal "Bendizzi," a few well-chosen words of propaganda on his own account, in which he advances the claims of the distributist society, the democracy of property owners, a society in which workers must be partners and shareholders and industries must govern themselves. The theme is that power must be diffused before it devours us quite; and that well spread it may, like good manure, do well for the land.

Thomas Fuller will always be remembered best for his book THE WORTHIES OF ENGLAND. *The Worthies* has not been reprinted for over a century, so there will be a ready welcome for this new edition, edited with an introduction and notes by John Freeman. (The publishers are George Allen and Unwin and the price is 42s.) The aim of the present edition is to reduce and knit together the vast materials supplied by Fuller, while remaining faithful to the spirit of the original. It seems that in this Mr. Freeman has succeeded admirably.

Vincent Orchard has chosen some of THE BEST RACING STORIES (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.), a really choice collection, with Edgar Wallace, Ernest Hemingway, Damon Runyan, Siegfried Sassoon and John Galsworthy among the list of runners.

BOOKS FOR OUR READERS



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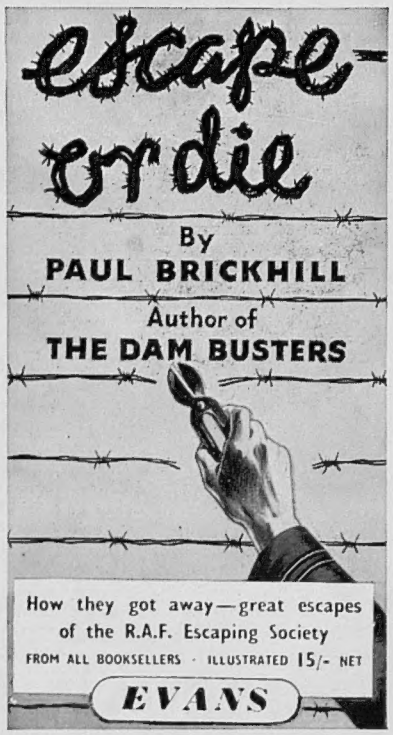

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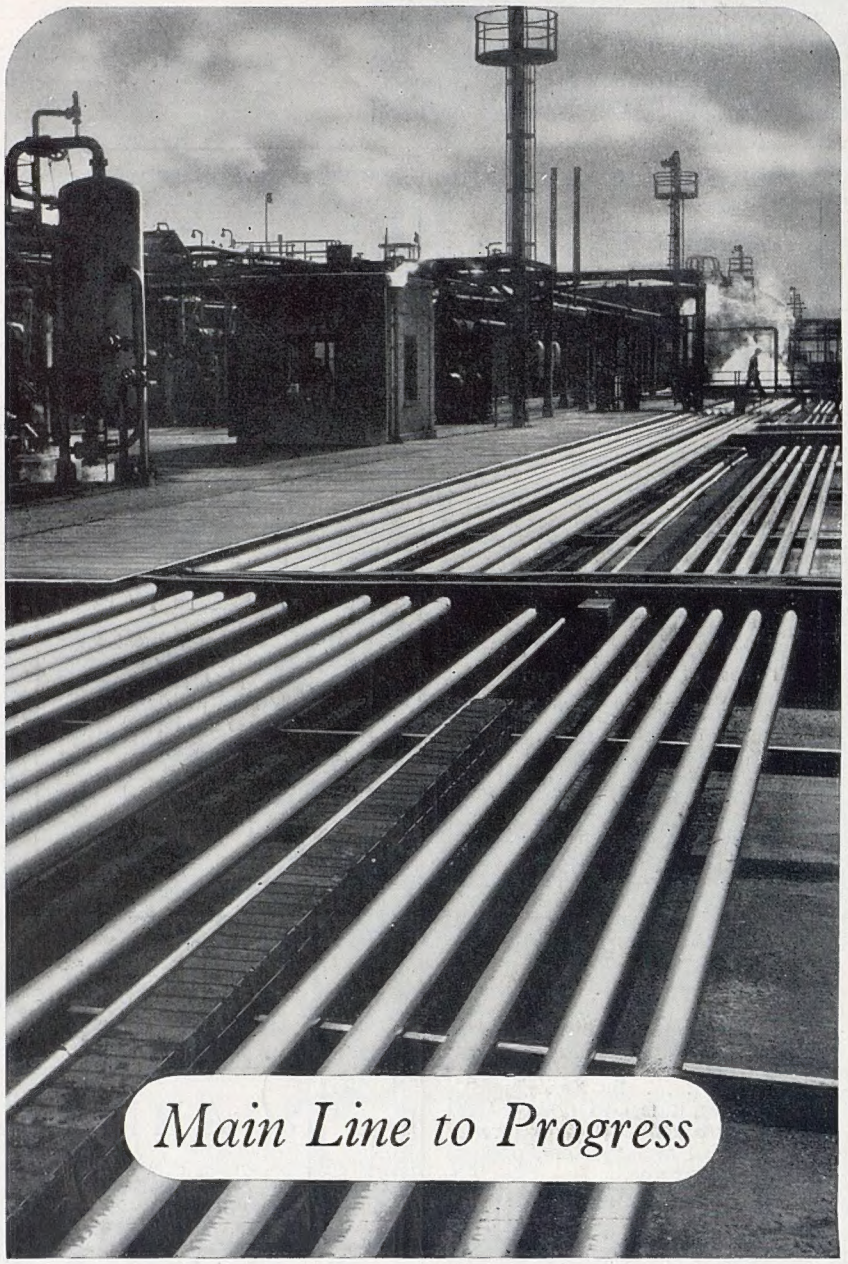

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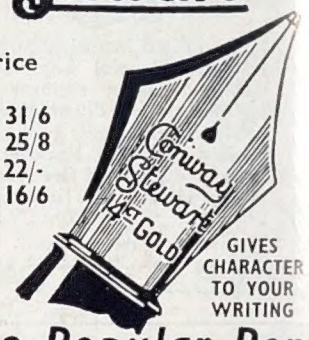

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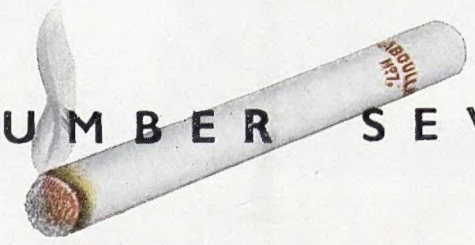

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